
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MARCH, 1824.

MADAME RONZI VESTRIS.

WE feel great pleasure in being enabled to lay before our readers, the following authentic particulars of the above favourite of the public; whose recent appearance at the Italian Opera, in the new divertissement, entitled "*Honneur aux Dames*," has called forth such unqualified praise from some of the most crowded and fashionable assemblies which ever graced that attractive spot.

Caroline Marie Thérèse Ronzi Vestris was born at Rome on the 1st of March, 1802. At a very early age, she was sent to Madrid, where she had the honour of dancing at the principal theatre of that capital, at a time when she had scarcely attained her sixth year. She was soon after recalled to her native city, and placed under the able tuition of Messrs. Henry and Dupont, under whose auspices she made her *débüt*, at the age of nine years, at the great theatre of San Carlos, at Naples. Here she soon reached the highest point of her profession, and continued, until the year 1820, to fill the first places in that celebrated theatre.

In the same year, 1820, she gave her hand to Mr. Charles Vestris, whose reputation in the same art had attained the highest pitch of perfection. Having paid a visit to Paris soon after, they were greatly distinguished in that gay metropolis; where, under the able instruction of her cousin, M. Auguste Vestris, the fair subject of this memoir received some valuable assistance. After a residence of three months in that city, they accepted a very liberal engagement with the managers of the Italian Opera, in London, where they

soon after arrived, and in this metropolis they have continued to reside, and to form the chief attraction in almost every ballet produced at that house.

"We have long looked upon Madame Ronzi Vestris, (says a contemporary critic of acknowledged taste,) as the finest of all dancers, and yet we discern an extraordinary improvement this season. Her elasticity is greater than ever, and the rapidity of her turns are like flashes of lightning. If she is a specimen of the Italian school, we would recommend all future managers to procure their performers south of Paris; for the highly extolled school of that city are mere heavers of the leg, kickers of the ankle, and tetotums, in comparison."

In conclusion, we have only to state, that Madame Ronzi Vestris, in private life, is happy in the endearments of conjugal felicity, and her society, as well as that of her accomplished husband, is cultivated by a numerous circle of admiring friends.

ANECDOTE OF MADEMOISELLE DE BOUCHAMPS.

IN the "Memoires de Madame La Marquise de Bouchampe," published not long since, that lady relates an interesting anecdote of her daughter, which is extremely characteristic of the genius and manners of the French. The Marquis de Bouchampe was a royalist chief, who was killed at the battle of Chollet, in the war of La Vendée. His widow was seized at Nantes, by the triumphant republicans, and thrown into prison. She was tried before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and condemned to death. M. de Haudaudine, a republican, in gratitude for some favours received from the Marquis, exerted his interest to save her, and succeeded. But before she could be released from prison, it was necessary to obtain a formal pardon—*lettre de grace*. Some delay took place in forwarding this instrument; and the jailor persuaded her to send her little daughter to solicit from the judges this document.

"I had," says she, "no other resource, and was obliged to avail myself of his proposal. We set about teaching my little girl her lesson, who, though she knew not what the *tribunal* was, yet she was rather afraid of it. I made her repeat what she had to say more than a dozen times; and she

then left me, full of apprehensions as to the result. She entered the Hall of the Tribunal with a great deal of resolution, and approaching the judges, said, in a loud and distinct voice, *Citizens, I come to demand the letter of pardon for my mamma!* After this speech, the servant maid, who went with her, mentioned my name. The judges thought my daughter was very clever, and one of them told her he knew she had a voice which charmed all the prisoners, and that he would give her the pardon for her mother, if she would sing them her prettiest song. The child was desirous to oblige the judges, and supposing that the noisiest song would be the best, and that the assembled bench would be delighted with the beautiful air, which she had often heard enthusiastically repeated by sixty thousand united voices, she burst forth with all her power with this burthen:

‘ *Vive, vive le Roi,
A bas la Republique.*’

Had she been a few years older, we should all have been sent forthwith to the guillotine. As it was, the judges made allowance for the simplicity of the little girl: they laughed at her mistake; and after some patriotic reflections, on the detestable education which the fanatical royalists bestowed on their children, gave the pardon to my daughter, who brought it to me in triumph.”

ON LEARNING, IN REFERENCE TO WOMEN.

(FROM MRS. CAREY'S JOURNAL)

COGNAC is the birth-place of Francis the First. His father dying when he was only two years old, he was educated under the eye of his mother, Louisa of Savoy, a woman of great talent and acquirements. Her daughter Margaret, queen of Navarre, was celebrated for her learning, and for the patronage she gave to literature. She was likewise an excellent nurse, her brother Francis always acknowledging himself indebted to her care and attention for his recovery from the severe illness under which he languished, when kept in captivity by the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Learning was not considered as an unsuitable accomplishment for the female sex till long afterwards. Lady Jane Grey was not thought less amiable for her acquaintance with the Greek language. Sir Thomas

More recommends literary studies to his daughters; and it was enumerated amongst the other excellencies of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, that she was learned:

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, ere thou hast killed another,
Fair and *learned*, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

But now, in these more enlightened days, the epithet of *learned*, when applied to a lady, is a term of severest reproach. We have confounded learning with pedantry, but they are not necessarily united. Dr. Johnson says, we ought not to reject a positive good for fear of its attendant, but contingent, evil. In our abhorrence of pedantry we have banished learning, and, for our punishment, pedantry remains behind; for, according to the definition of the Spectator, pedantry is not confined to books, but may be displayed by a girl in her frivolity, as well as by a scholar in his learning. Nay, a spice of it is discernible when women plume themselves on their ignorance and imbecility, as being indications of true feminine delicacy, or artfully plead the weakness of their sex to account for their own proper quantum of folly.

It has been objected to learning, that it sets a woman above her household cares, renders her less attentive to her husband, the management of her children, the economy of her table, and to her own personal cleanliness. If this were really the case, it could not be too severely reprobated: but for one instance of such neglect, proceeding from learning, a thousand and a thousand arise from idleness, frivolous pursuits, and senseless dissipation; and I am persuaded, that a taste for polite literature is more consonant to domestic habits, and more favorable to domestic virtues, than a taste for any fashionable accomplishment whatsoever. I do not pretend to say that the study of Greek and Latin is a necessary or ornamental part of female education; I only contend, that, if a girl has leisure, opportunity, and inclination, to learn these languages, the acquisition is no disparagement to her character. However, I by no means think it is essential to her education; but I do think good instruction in the literature of her own country, absolutely necessary, and that no gentlewoman can be truly called well educated, who is not very conversant with the best authors in her native tongue.

PRIZE ESSAY

ON THE PECULIAR SOURCES OF THE HAPPINESS OF WOMEN IN
CIVILIZED SOCIETY.

UPON the first blush, the question respecting the sources of female happiness in civilized society, would appear to be easily answered; they seem to be many and various; but when we come to define the precise nature of happiness, and consider it, in a general point of view, as adapted to the tastes and feelings of a multitude, who, though Pope has declared, that most women have no character at all, are certainly distinguished by different *fancies*, according to the several degrees of intellect which they possess, their education, situation, and circumstances in life, it becomes a problem rather difficult to solve. The beauty finds happiness in admiration, the coquet in the number of her suitors, the prude in scandal, and the gamester in cards. Things the most trivial and the most profound, diamonds and metaphysics, Mechlin lace and algebra, a box at the opera and a laboratory, have frequently conferred happiness on the female possessor; but these, and similar enjoyments, being produced by a taste somewhat vitiated and depraved, cannot be considered amid the true sources from whence women may freely derive their felicity. The conduct of a family, those pleasing household cares, for which the sex is so particularly fitted, together with the maternal duties, are certainly more legitimate sources of happiness. But one of the consequences resulting from civilization, is the celibacy which it imposes on a vast number of females above the lower classes. Marriage has become an expensive luxury, and the purchase is often beyond the reach of a moderate income; therefore, though we must allow that true happiness exists in its highest and purest degree in the conjugal union, when founded on its proper basis, in the regulation of domestic concerns, in the consciousness of being a useful member of society, and in forming the infant mind, and in training the steps of babes in the paths of peace and godliness; these delightful occupations, though widely extended, have their limit, and it is incumbent on the essayist to point out other

sources at the command of *all* who choose to seek them at the fountain-head. Friendship has been justly deemed

"That cordial drop indulgent Heaven has thrown,
To make the bitter draught of life go down:"

but few there be, who have, or can be blest, with the full enjoyment of this gentle sentiment. Friendship, with the other sex, cannot be cultivated without danger to the heart or the reputation; and it is but too just a censure upon women, that there scarcely ever existed a tie *between them* so strong that a man could not dissolve at his pleasure. Jealousy is one of the thousand banes of friendship; the tenure is so frail, the foundations so hollow, and the difficulty of becoming acquainted with the hearts of our associates so great, in civilized society, that though the youthful mind may cherish the most exalted ideas upon the blissful communion of kindred spirits, experience is compelled to confess, with a sigh, that friendship is but a name. If happiness consisted solely in virtue, women ought to be eminently happy; for it is the blessing of their lot that they are secure from the fiery trials which await the more active denizen of this stormy world. Placed in the bosom of retirement, they have leisure for the cultivation of every sweet and gentle attribute. If nature has not been bounteous in personal charms, the social charities may not only supply the place of the outward graces, but become ornaments of a brighter and superior order. A woman blest with feeling, with

"Temper whose unclouded ray,
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day,"

with sense; and with fortitude in the choice, and in the pursuit, of the path of rectitude, however thorny; with indulgence towards her erring sisters; with patience under affliction, and moderation in prosperity; is only a little lower than the angels: and it is in the power of every woman in civilized life to attain this high degree of excellence. But though, when united to Christian faith, these estimable qualities afford a glorious promise of a blissful eternity; we question whether they are always productive of temporal happiness, according to the present constitution of society. Peace of mind, (though frequently produced only by resignation,) is the natural consequence of such a frame and temperament; but is this state

of negative enjoyment entitled to the name of happiness? Women are naturally affectionate, and in cherishing those tender emotions, which are the sweetest characteristic of the sex, they must be often condemned to mourn for friendship unreturned, and disregarded love. The most enchanting graciousness of manner, the most elevated sentiments of benevolence, a soul wherein every virtue is united, cannot always create attachment in the breasts of others, though they render the possessor but too susceptible of love. Those who search after felicity must guard against the fatal indulgence of sensibility; and by a just regulation of their feelings, and the subjugation of enthusiastic expectations to the sober realities of life, they will be enabled to trace the true sources of happiness, and to enjoy those blessings, which man, when he has emerged from barbarism, has been content to share with his gentle partner. Rescued from the slavish drudgery imposed by brutal task-masters, who, glorying in their physical strength, and exerting it against the weaker sex, have, in savage life, doomed the female part of the community to the most servile and degrading labours, woman, in the civilized world, has advanced to rank and consideration. If excluded from national counsels, her influence is apparent in the closet; she has become the adviser, the companion, and the friend of man; associated with him in his relaxations from business, her smile and her glance are esteemed the brightest charm of social intercourse, tempering and refining the fierceness of the masculine mind by her feminine softness, and receiving her reward—in the homage paid to her beauty, in the tribute which is accorded to her worth, and in the anxiety with which her consolations are sought in sickness, in adversity, and in despair. Released from mental slavery, and for the most part supported by the toils of their male relations, the want of occupation or a pursuit, appears to be the strongest bar to female happiness. A woman's mind is naturally active; and if she be not called upon to take, as a wife and mother, a leading part in the direction of a household, to share her husband's cares, and contribute to his joys, she is apt to fritter away her existence in trifling follies: employment, therefore, rational and useful employment, must be one of the sources of happiness to woman in every seat and situation in life. The frivolous

amusements, the youth of folly leading to an old age of cards, tend to sink and degrade the sex into mere toys, and to render them the playthings of society. Every woman, however, ought to consider the high purpose for which she was created, and the lasting benefit which she may entail upon her fellow-creatures. Women give the tone to conversation; their example is an encouragement to virtue, and their presence a restraint on vice; and every improvement in morals and in manners may be traced to them. That female purity may not be outraged, nor the cheek of modesty be suffused with the blush of shame, men have curbed their passions, and checked that licence which, in days of barbarism, was allowed in conversation, whilst the tongue of licentiousness is chained in the presence of a virtuous woman—a triumph which ought to induce her to consider her high calling, and to employ to the utmost the extensive means of doing good which have been granted to her. To those who possess a taste for literature, a wide field for employment will be opened: yet it does not follow, as an absolute necessity, that women should be wholly devoted to study, in order to become useful or even ornamental members of society. Having always the end of her being in view, she will improve every opportunity afforded her to serve the great cause of humanity, to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and to display in her own person the beauty of holiness and virtue. Though the honour and welfare of the nation are not committed to her care, she may employ her gentle influence in saving the souls of her contemporaries, and posterity may be blessed by her efforts; every record of crime and vice, which meets her eye, ought to be a stimulant to fresh exertions. Without appearing before the public, without stepping out of the private paths of life, she may assist in the education of the poor, in giving lessons of religion and morality to all around her. For those amid her female friends, who are under the guidance of false principles, her mild admonitions, or her affectionate entreaties may effect a happy change; and to her humble sisters in the lowest rank, and to servants, her precepts and instructions will be invaluable. Thus, though Providence may not have ordained her to be a wife or mother, she may still, by imparting wise counsels and sowing the seeds of virtue in the hearts of those who compose the circle of her

acquaintance, lay the foundation of infinite good, and become an active agent in the production of a purer system of morality, and in enlarging the boundaries of human happiness. This is in the power of every woman, however limited her sphere may be; and the consciousness of performing this duty to the utmost extent of her ability, whether of mind or situation, will reconcile her to every evil which she may encounter in the tempestuous ocean of life. Though poor and despised, neglected, and apparently left only to vegetate upon the surface of the earth, the influence exercised by virtue will make its silent way, until it produces a rich harvest of inestimable fruit. The rich, the beautiful, the prosperous, and the admired, those whose fortunate lot has placed them, where their merits may be appreciated, and their talents valued, may find many sources of happiness in the abundant enjoyments which are attached to the condition of women in civilized society; but of those they may be deprived by misfortune; their pursuit may terminate in disappointment, and in despair: it is, therefore, only when the springs of happiness have their origin in the *mind*, that women, even where most esteemed, can hope to attain to real and permanent felicity; they then become a solace through every change of fortune, a consolation to the possessor, and a blessing to the whole world.

R.

ROYAL COMPLIMENT.

IN the rebellion of 1745, Mr. Thornton (a Yorkshire gentleman), raised, at his own expence, a body of horse, and although but newly married to a beautiful young woman, headed it, and joined the King's army. After the battle of Culloden, he and his wife went to court, where being seen by the King, who had noticed Mrs. Thornton, he was thus accosted by the monarch:—

"Mr. Thornton," said his Majesty, "I have been told of the services you have rendered your country, and of your attachment to me and my family, and have held myself obliged to you for both; but I was never able to estimate the degree of the obligation till now that I see the lady whom you left behind you."

BIOGRAPHY OF ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.**EUGENE ARAM.**

AMONG the discussions which have taken place in the newspapers lately on the trial at Hertford, of the murderers of Mr. William Weare, allusion has been made to the case of Eugene Aram, who was executed for a similar offence about the middle of the last century. The circumstances of this man's crime, and the manner in which he attempted to defend himself from the imputation, are somewhat analogous to those of the unhappy man who suffered at Hertford. Both of them possessed talents, which, properly directed, might have enabled them to attain honour and respect, in addition to that wealth, for a scanty portion of which they forfeited their lives and characters; and both displayed a deficiency of moral feeling, a certain obliquity of principle, which, fortunately for society, are not often found in conjunction with such abilities and attainments.

Aram has sometimes been represented as a person whose extraordinary genius and literary acquirements would have gained him permanent celebrity, independent of his unfortunate catastrophe. But this may be doubted. His knowledge, though various, was superficial, and his natural talents, with the aid of industry and probity, would scarcely have enabled him to emerge from obscurity without patronage. Yet his career through life was decidedly eccentric; and to hold up his example as a warning to mankind, may be a salutary task.

After his conviction, Aram drew up a short account of his life, from which it appears, that he was born at the village of Ramsgill, in the north of England, in 1704. His father was gardener in the family of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London; and afterwards lived in the same capacity thirty years with Sir Edward Blacket, of Newby, in Yorkshire. He was probably an honest and industrious man, as he purchased a house near Rippon, which descended to his son. The latter tells us, that his own school education extended no further than learning to read the New Testament; but by his own application, at home, he acquired a knowledge of

mathematics and keeping accounts, which enabled him, at the age of sixteen, to fill a situation in a merchant's counting-house in London. After continuing in it a year or two, he returned home to his father, in consequence of having had the small-pox. Here, he says, he procured books, and studied poetry, history, and antiquities. At length he engaged in a school at Netherdale; and soon after married. While employed in instructing others he continued to add to his own stores of knowledge. He seems to have had a particular taste for the study of languages, and to have prosecuted it with much industry; for he says, that he learnt *verbatim* Lilly's Latin Grammar and Camden's Greek Grammar, and, by way of exercising his memory, repeated them over three time a week, for some years. He read, according to his own statement, many of the Latin, and some of the Greek Classics; and about the same time began to learn Hebrew. In the year 1734, he was invited to settle as a school-master at Knaresborough. At this place he continued to reside for ten years, when he became implicated in the tragical and iniquitous affair which ultimately brought him to a disgraceful end.

One Daniel Clark, a shoemaker at Knaresborough, in January 1744, entered into a conspiracy with Richard Houseman of the same place, and Eugene Aram, to defraud their neighbours of much valuable property. It was proposed that Clark, who had lately married, and was in good credit, should procure on trust, from the tradesmen of the town, goods to a considerable amount, under the pretext of furnishing his house; and also borrow from inn-keepers or others, as much plate, &c. as possible, with the professed view of giving an entertainment to his friends. The scheme was thus far carried into execution; and on the 8th of February, the day these things had been collected, Clark was missing, and was never seen alive afterwards. Search was immediately made for the goods and plate he had procured. Part of the property was found at Houseman's, and a part buried in Aram's garden; and as none of the plate was discovered, it was supposed that Clark had decamped with it; in consequence of which, a strict search was made for him, and advertisements, describing him, published in the newspapers; but all without effect. The discovery of the goods on Aram's premises led

to his arrest, in the first instance for debt, with a view to his detention till a warrant could be procured against him, as an accomplice in the fraud committed by Clark. He disappointed this plan by paying the demand made on him, and taking a hasty leave of the neighbourhood of Knaresborough, went to London, and engaged himself as an assistant in a classical school; in which situation he stayed for two years. He afterwards exercised his profession at several places in the south of England; and finally became usher in a free-school at Lynn in Norfolk, where he had been but a short time when a singular train of circumstances developed the hitherto mysterious fate of Daniel Clark, in consequence of which, Aram was again taken into custody. In August 1758, a labourer, digging stone for a lime-kiln at Thistle-hill near Knaresborough, discovered a human skeleton thrust under the ledge of a rock, as if it had been buried there for the purpose of concealment. Suspicions were excited that the bones were those of Clark. A Coroner's inquest was held, at which Houseman was present, the supposed accomplice with Aram in the fraud perpetrated previous to Clark's disappearance. This man, on the skeleton being produced before the coroner, took up one of the bones, and in contradiction to opinions expressed by those around him, hastily said—"*This is no more Dan. Clark's bone than it is mine.*" So strong an assertion made every one suppose that he was privy to the murder of Clark, and knew where his body had been buried. He was accordingly detained in custody; and after some prevarication he admitted that he had joined Aram and Clark in disposing of the property procured by the latter; after which, early in the morning, they all three proceeded from Aram's house to St. Robert's Cave, near Knaresborough, where Clark was killed (as he asserted) by Aram, and his body buried in the cave. On the spot which he had indicated, the remains of the corpse were found. Aram was arrested at Lynn, where he then resided, and committed to York castle.

At the assizes, on the 3d of August, Richard Houseman and Eugene Aram were brought to the bar, and the former having been arraigned for the murder and acquitted, was admitted as a witness against his companion in guilt. Aram was then put on his trial for the same crime. In addition

to the testimony of Houseman, much circumstantial evidence was adduced against him. He drew up a very ingenious defence, which he read in court; but as it did not tend to invalidate the positive facts brought forward to inculcate him, he was found *guilty*, and received the sentence of the law. After his condemnation, he confessed that he had murdered Clark; but, ashamed of the sordid motive which had prompted the horrid deed, he asserted that he had been instigated by jealousy, and that he suspected Clark of having seduced his wife. However, this attempt to lessen the odium of his guilt was, generally, conceived to be a calumnious imputation against a woman whom he had always ill-treated.

With that characteristic perversity of intellect which distinguished his conduct, Aram sought to avoid the ignominy of his sentence by putting an end to his own life. This purpose he nearly effected by cutting the blood-vessels of the arm, on the morning of his execution, with a razor which he had concealed with that intention. He lost so much blood as to reduce him almost to a state of insensibility before the circumstance was discovered; but the bleeding then being stopped by proper applications, he suffered in the usual manner, and his body was afterwards conveyed to Knaresborough-forest, and hung in chains, pursuant to his sentence. On a table in his cell was found a paper, written just before his suicidal attempt, containing the reasons by which he endeavoured to justify this concluding action of his life.

Aram's defence on his trial, which is said to have afforded hints to John Thurtell for the composition of the exculpatory address, which he delivered at Hertford, necessarily turns on different topics. Aram made it his principal object, to shew that the bones discovered in St. Robert's cave, might have lain there much longer than the period since Clark had disappeared. With this view he produced many instances in which human bodies had been found in a more entire state after the lapse of some centuries. This train of argument was wholly inapplicable to the case of Thurtell. But Aram's justification of his personal character, and his notice of persons unjustly condemned, bear some resemblance to parts of the defence made by the culprit who has lately been the object of public curiosity. But little remains to be said, relative to the literary character of the unfortu-

nate subject of this article. Those who have seen him represented in Biographical compilations, as an extraordinary genius, may perhaps be surprised to learn, that he never published any thing, and probably never wrote any thing worthy of publication. After his death, a few pages of his compositions were appended to an account of his trial, and the circumstances which preceded it, given to the world in a small pamphlet. To estimate the talents of a man from these fragments, would be doing him manifest injustice. They were written during his imprisonment in York-castle, and, as he informs us, without the aid of any books to refer to. In writing to a bookseller, he modestly says—"If you had not had the curiosity to desire these papers, I could not have had the assurance to offer them; scarce believing that I, who was hardly taught to read, have any abilities to write."

The only piece worth noticing, is intitled, *An Essay towards a Lexicon upon an entire new Plan*. It contains merely a few etymological remarks designed to illustrate the affinity which subsists between the Greek and Latin, and some of the languages of Western Europe. The analogy between the dialects of different nations, has been the subject of much more accurate discussion since the time of Aram, and his observations consequently appear less important than when they were made. They exhibit proofs of considerable research, and appear to be, upon the whole, ingenious and probable; so that they afford ground for believing that, if he had possessed the means of properly prosecuting the inquiries on which he had entered, he might have produced a work of some value.

Aram was not destitute of a taste for poetry; as may be inferred from the following lines, extracted from a poem written in allusion to his situation, while under confinement:—

"For those dread walls, sad sorrow's dark domain,
For cells resounding with the voice of pain,
Where Fear, pale pow'r! his dreary mansion keeps,
And Grief, unpitied, hangs his head and weeps;
What muse would leave her springs and myrtle shades,
The groves of Pindus, and th' Aonian glades,
The hallow'd pines that nod on Ida's brow,
And suns that spread eternal May below?"

Or comes the nymph, she soon averts her eyes,
And but bestows one transient look, and flies.
In vain would I ascend, too weak my wings;
In vain the plectrum strikes the sleeping strings;
They wake no more. The fire that blazed—but glows;
The muse, the lyre, and all are mute—but foes."

MARCH.

AMONG the Romans, March, from Mars, was the first month: and marriages made in this month were accounted happy.

1st. **ST. DAVID'S-DAY.**—Saint David was the great ornament and pattern of his age. He continued in the See of St. David's many years; and, having founded several monasteries, and been the spiritual father of many saints, both British and Irish, he died about the year 544, at a very advanced age.

3d. **ASH-WEDNESDAY.**—Formerly Lent began on the Sunday after *Quinquagesima*, i. e. our first Sunday in Lent, and ended at Easter, containing in all forty-two days; and subtracting the six Sundays, which are not fasts, there remained only thirty-six fasting-days, the tenth part of three hundred and sixty, the number of days in the ancient year, then considered as a tythe of the year consecrated to God's service.

The three days preceding Ash-Wednesday, the last of the *Carnival*, are celebrated in Spain with many curious sports and amusements. Those still in use, among the middling ranks of Andalusia, are, swinging, playing all manner of tricks on the unwary—such as breaking egg-shells full of powdered talc on the head, and throwing handfuls of small sugar-plumbs at the ladies, which they repay with besprinkling the assailants with water from a squirt. This last practical joke, however, begins to be disused, and increased refinement will soon put an end to them all. Dancing, and a supper to the frequenters of the daily *Tertulia*, is, on one of the three days of Carnival, a matter of course among the wealthy.

Among other practices, that of *sticking a tail*, alluded to by Horace (Sat. II. iii.) is still in use among the boys in

the streets of Seville, to the great annoyance of old ladies, who are generally the objects of this sport. One of the ragged striplings that wander in crowds about Seville, having tagged a piece of paper with a hooked pin, and stolen unperceived behind some slow-paced female—as, wrapped up in her veil, she tells the beads she carries in her left hand—fastens the paper-tail on the back of the black or walking petticoat called *saya*. The whole gang of ragamuffins, who, at a convenient distance, have watched the dexterity of their companion, set up a loud cry of *L'argalo, l'argalo!*—Drop it, drop it! which makes every female in the street look to the rear, which, they well know, is the fixed point of attack with the merry light troops. The alarm continues till some friendly hand relieves the victim of sport, who, spinning and nodding like a spent top, tries in vain to catch a glance at the fast-pinned paper, unmindful of the physical law which forbids her head revolving faster than the great orbit on which the ominous comet flies.

Now mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,
That penance which their holy rites prepare
To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;
But 'ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
Some days of joyance are decreed to all,
To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
In motley robe to dance at masquing ball,
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.'

BYRON.

The frolics of Carnival, in Spain, are sometimes carried on till the dawn of this day, the first of the long fast of Lent, when a sudden and most unpleasant transition takes place, for such as have set no bounds to the noisy mirth of the preceding season. But, as the religious duties of the church begin at midnight, the amusements of Shrove-Tuesday cease, in the more correct families, at twelve, just as the Opera is hurried on Saturdays, that it may not encroach on the following day. Midnight is, indeed, a most important period with the Spaniards. Their obligation of fasting begins just when the leading clock of every town strikes twelve; and as no priest can celebrate mass, on any day whatever, if he has taken the smallest portion of

meat or drink after the beginning of the civil day, clergymen may be seen devouring their supper against time, the watch upon the table, and the anxious eye upon the fatal hand, while large mouthsful, chasing one another down their almost convulsed throats, appear to threaten suffocation. Such hurry will seem incredible to well-fed Englishmen, for whom supper is an empty name. Not so to the Spanish divines, who having had their dinner at one, and a cup of chocolate at six, feel strongly the necessity of a substantial supper before they retire to bed. A priest, therefore, who, by some untoward accident, is overtaken by "the dead waste and middle of the night," with a craving stomach, having to perform mass at a late hour next morning, may well feel alarmed at his impending sufferings.

17th. SAINT PATRICK'S-DAY.—St. Patrick, the tutelar saint of Ireland, it is said, was born, in the year 371, in a village called *Bonaven Tabernæ*, probably Kilpatrick, in Scotland, between Dunbriton and Glasgow. He died at the good old age of 123, and was buried at Down, in Ulster.

THE MIMIC, OR TAKING-OFF.

FOOTE, whose talent lay in mimicry, even in his early days, had once the knack of imitating a late general officer in the shrug of his shoulders, the lisping of his speech, and some other things, for which the general was remarkable; so that it grew a common topic among his acquaintance, who used to say, "Come, Sam, let us have the general's company." A friend, at length, acquainted the officer of it, who sent for Foote: "Sir," says the general, "I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule." "Oh, sir!" said Foote, with great pleasantry, "I take all my acquaintances off at times; and what is more particular, I often take myself off."—"Odd so?" says the other, "pray let us have a specimen." Foote on this puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a short bow, left the room. The officer waited some minutes for his return; but at length, on enquiry, found he had really taken himself off, by leaving the house.

LETTERS

ON THE

PROGRESS OF LUXURY AMONG THE LADIES OF ANCIENT ROME,

with Descriptions of their Costume.

LETTER IV.

It does not appear that the Roman ladies were strangers to any of the arts of the modern toilet; Martial speaks of a powder with which, he tells us, they used to destroy superfluous hairs. We find that they took very particular care of their teeth; some washed them only with water, others used a kind of composition which was imported from Spain.

The use of tooth-brushes, we find, was also common; Martial, in sending one to a lady, makes it address her with, perhaps, more truth than politeness, in the following terms: "What have I in common with thee? I was made to serve the purposes of youth, but I have not the habit of polishing bought teeth."

We find that tooth-picks were very generally employed; those of the wood of Lentisque were reckoned the best. This small tree, a native of the Isle of Scio, was afterwards transplanted to Italy. The town of Lintern was famous for its Lentisques, the wood of which was impenetrable to the worms. The Lentisque is now to be found in Provence; its wood, when reduced to powder, serves to clean the teeth, strengthen the gums, and correct the breath. The Roman ladies, besides using tooth-picks of this wood, used to chew a kind of astringent gum which it yielded. This custom is still general in the East, where the rich Turks are in the habit of chewing this gum incessantly, to perfume their breath. Silver tooth-picks were also employed, and some used those made of quills.

Martial has taken care, that posterity should know that false teeth were very general among his countrywomen: besides the speech which he makes the tooth-brush deliver, he counsels Maxima never to laugh, for fear of betraying that she wore them.

We learn from the same poet, that the Romans, with all their ingenuity, had not the art of making false eyes; for

he tells Lelia, "Thou hast repaired the loss of thy hair, and of thy teeth, by replacing them with those thou hast bought; but what means wilt thou take to replace thine eye? thou canst not buy one."

If, however, they had not the art of making false eyes, they possessed the means of improving the appearance of hollow ones; they employed for this purpose a black powder, which they burned; and holding their heads over the smoke, as it ascended, they fancied that it had the effect of extending the eye, and of giving it a more brilliant appearance.

Your delicate and pure mind, my dear Maria, will turn with disgust from this detail of the inventions which luxury and vanity suggested to the Roman ladies. Ovid attempts to justify their conduct by quoting that of the men, which certainly was still more shameful; and Juvenal, who lashed both sexes without mercy, presents us with a picture of vanity and effeminacy scarcely to be equalled.

Seneca thinks idleness is too lenient a name to give to the vain attention which some of his countrymen paid to their persons, and their dress. "The care of their hair," says he, "is, with them, an important affair, and a serious occupation. Can we call men only idlers who pass whole hours at their toilet, to decide what best suits their complexion—who hold a council about the dressing of their hair? Oh! what anger for a hair plucked out, or one that falls! for a curl badly adjusted, or a tier that is not regularly formed! These men would like better to see disorder reign in the bosom of the Republic, than to witness the derangement of their hair; and they are more anxious that their heads should be dressed in good style than that their native country should prosper."

Thus you see, my fair friend, that ancient Rome, like modern Britain, had its *Dandies*; and, if we are to credit Juvenal, I think that those of his time fairly beat ours out of the field. He tells us, that, after the example of the ladies, they wore rouge, tied their long hair with a gold cord, and wore a blue or green robe; "they never swear," says he, "but by the divinity of Juno; and their eye-brows, waxed and rubbed with black powder, are arched by the needles used by the women to dress their hair."

Before I finally dismiss *la tete*, upon the details of which you will probably think I have enlarged sufficiently, I must

give you the substance of a fable of Callimacheus, by which you will find, that this polished people, while they cherished all the arts of the toilet, set very little value upon the most effectual, as well as the safest, of all cosmetics. Speaking of the dispute between Juno, Minerva, and Venus, for the prize of beauty, he says, "Venus remained a long time at her toilet; she consulted her mirror with the most scrupulous attention; altered, again and again, the arrangement of her hair; re-touched her complexion, and called up her most seducing smiles. Minerva, on the contrary, ignorant of the arts of the toilet, never thought of looking in a glass; she knew no other secret to animate her complexion than to take a good long run. If success justified the precautions of Venus, is the fault in men or nature?"

Don't you pity the taste of a poet, who could prefer the meretricious aids of dress to the natural complexion heightened by the glow of exercise—the most beautiful, because the most natural, of all the different kinds of rouge, since it is by

"Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on?"

We have now, my fair friend, attended the Roman lady from her bed to her bath, and from her bath to her toilet. We have seen how she raised the superstructure of her head-dress, and improved or preserved her complexion. Let us now see of what materials the rest of her dress was composed, and what forms were given to the different garments by the hand of convenience, taste, or, what was more arbitrary than either, fashion.

The Romans of both sexes had some garments in common; one of these, the *toga*, the first dress of which we have any distinct account, is of very uncertain origin; some say, that the Romans borrowed it from the Lydians, who had themselves taken it from the Greeks: others tell us, it was originally invented by a king of Arcadia, from whom the inhabitants of the Ionian Isles adopted it. The historian, Artemidorus, is of the latter opinion. I do not find, however, any weighty arguments in support of either of these opinions; it appears to me very probable, that the Romans were themselves the inventors of this dress; the form of which is too well known to render any description of it necessary.

The tunic, or chemise, was also adopted by both sexes; but

with some difference in the form; those of the ladies were in general much longer than the men's; and she who affected to wear a short tunic was thought to depart essentially from the modesty of her sex. Thus Juvenal, wishing to ridicule the pretensions of a *bél-esprit* of his day, after informing us that she engrossed all the conversation, (a failing, by-the-bye, which seems to have descended to the *bels-esprits* of our time,) that in a long dissertation upon the merits of Homer and Virgil, she gave the preference constantly to the latter; that she found abundant excuses for the faux-pas of Dido, and even for her suicide; and lastly, that she decided, with an air of magisterial authority, the question, Which ought to be preferred, general utility or private good? advises her to let her tunic no longer train upon the ground; "you may shorten it," says he, "even to the calf of the leg."

The tunics of the ladies were distinguished, not only by their length, but by their having sleeves, which those of the men had not; that is, generally speaking; for we find that some few of the *petit-maitres* of Rome disgraced themselves by the adoption of a fashion which was looked upon as a singular mark of affectation and effeminacy. It is singular enough that Julius Cæsar should be the only person whom we find charged with appearing in a tunic of this description during a time of the republic; but there is reason to believe that the charge was just, since his manners were confessedly as effeminate as his courage was elevated.

That spirit of coquetry which presided over the Roman toilet was visible even in the form of the tunic; it was originally made to envelope the neck, and even the throat, so that you could see little more of a lady than her face; but very soon, those ladies who were conscious of having a fine skin, and well turned-shoulders, had their tunics cut in such a manner as to display those beauties.

When luxury introduced the use of gold and jewels, the tunic received still farther improvements; the sleeves were no longer sewed, but fastened up the middle of the arm by agraffes of gold or precious stones, to correspond with the necklace.

Adieu: always your's,

BELMONT.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ANECDOTES

OF

VARIOUS ANIMALS.

THE ORAN-OTAN.

A young oran-otan, that had been caught in the interior of Borneo, was taken thence to Java; and, in 1817, was brought to England, in one of the ships attached to the expedition which had sailed with Lord Amherst to China. It then measured only about two feet seven inches in length, from his heel to the crown of his head.

This animal was utterly incapable of walking in a perfectly upright posture. His progressive motion, on a flat surface, was accomplished by placing his bent fists upon the ground and drawing his body between his arms. In sitting, he turned his legs under him. After his arrival in Java, he was allowed to be at liberty, till within a day or two of his being put on board the ship to be conveyed to England; and he made no attempt whatever to escape: but he became violent when put into a large bamboo cage for the purpose of being conveyed from the island. As soon as he felt himself in confinement, he seized the rails of the cage in his hands, and shaking them violently, endeavoured to break them in pieces; nor did he entirely cease till he had broken through it, and made his escape. On board the ship, an attempt was made to secure him by a chain tied to a strong staple: he, however, instantly unfastened it, and ran off with the chain dragging behind. It embarrassed him by its length, on which he coiled it up once or twice, and threw it over his shoulder; but when he found it would not remain on his shoulder, he took it into his mouth. After several useless attempts to secure him more effectually, he was allowed to wander freely about the ship.

He soon became familiar with the sailors, and surpassed them in agility. They often chased him about the rigging; and he gave them frequent opportunities of witnessing his adroitness in effecting an escape. At first starting he would endeavour to outstrip his pursuers by mere speed; but when he was much pressed, he would elude them by seizing any

loose rope that was near him, and swinging out of their reach. At other times he would patiently wait on the shrouds, or at the mast-head, till his pursuers almost touched him, and then would suddenly lower himself to the deck by any rope that was near him; or he would bound along the main-stay, from one mast to the other, swinging by his hands, and moving them one over the other. When in a playful humour he would often swing within arm's-length of his pursuer, and, having struck him with his hand, would throw himself from him.

This animal commonly slept, wrapped in a sail, at the mast-head. In making his bed, he used the greatest pains to remove every thing out of his way that might render the surface, on which he intended to lie uneven. And, as soon as he had satisfied himself with this part of the arrangement, he would spread out the sail, and, lying down upon his back, would draw it over his body. If all the sails happened to be set, the animal would hunt about for some other covering, and would steal one of the sailor's jackets, or would empty a hammock of its blankets, and carry them away to sleep upon.

When off the Cape of Good-Hope, he suffered much inconvenience from the cool temperature of the atmosphere; and would often descend from the mast, shuddering with cold. Then, running up to any one of the persons to whom he was chiefly attached, he would climb into their arms, and clasping them closely, would derive warmth from their persons, and would scream violently if any attempt was made to remove him.

In Java, his food was chiefly fruit: but he also sucked eggs with voracity, and often employed himself in seeking them. He there slept in a large tamarind tree, in which he formed a kind of bed by intertwining the small branches of the tree, and covering them with leaves. During the day, he would lie with his head projecting beyond his nest, watching those who passed beneath; and, when he saw any one with fruit, would immediately descend, to obtain a share of it. On board the ship his food was of no definite kind. He ate readily all kinds of meat, especially raw meat; was very fond of bread, but always preferred fruit. His beverage in Java was water; but, in the ship, it was as diversified as his food. He pre-

ferred coffee and tea, but would readily take wine, beer, or spirits. In the attempts of this animal to obtain food, he afforded many opportunities of judging respecting his sagacity and disposition. He was always impatient to seize it when held out to him; became passionate if it was not soon given up, and would chase a person all over the ship to obtain it. The animal had been given to Mr. Abel, the naturalist attached to the expedition; and this gentleman seldom went on the deck without sweetmeats or fruit in his pocket; and he could never escape the vigilant eye of the animal. Sometimes Mr. Abel endeavoured to evade him, by ascending to the mast-head, but he was always either overtaken or intercepted in his progress. When the oran-otan came up to Mr. Abel, on the shrouds, he would secure himself by one foot to the ratting, and confine the legs of this gentleman with the other, and with one of his hands, whilst, with the remaining hand, he rifled his pockets. If he found it impossible to overtake Mr. Abel, he would climb to a considerable height on the loose rigging, and then drop suddenly upon him. Or if, perceiving his intention, this gentleman attempted to descend, the animal would slide down and meet him at the bottom of the shrouds. This animal neither practiced the grimaces and antics of other monkeys, nor possessed their perpetual proneness to mischief. Mildness and gravity, approaching to melancholy, seemed to be the characteristic of his disposition. When he first came among strangers, he would sit for hours with his hand upon his head, looking pensively at all around him; and when much incommoded by their examination, he would hide himself beneath any covering that was at hand. He soon became attached to those persons who kindly used him; would sit by their side, and run to them for protection. The boatswain of the *Alceste* taught him to eat with a spoon; and the animal might often be seen at the door of the boatswain's cabin, enjoying his coffee, quite unembarrassed by those who observed him. The favorite amusement of this oran-otan, in Java, was to swing from the branches of trees, to pass from one tree to another, and to climb over the roofs of houses. On board the ship, he was chiefly delighted to hang with his arms from the ropes, and to play with the boys. He would entice them into play by striking them with his hand as they

passed; and then bounding from them, but allowing them to overtake him and engage in a mock scuffle, in which he used his hands, feet, and mouth. But though, for the most part, extremely gentle, he could be excited to violent rage: this he expressed by opening his mouth, showing his teeth, and seizing and biting those who were near him. When brought to London, in the month of August, 1817, this animal was deposited, for exhibition, in the menagerie at Exeter-change. He was there found to be extremely tame and gentle, and was frequently allowed to take his food, and sit by the fire in the keeper's apartment; and he was taught two fêtes, which he had not practised on board the ship: these were, to walk upright, or rather to walk on his feet, unsupported by his hands; the other was to kiss the keeper. With regard, however, to the former of these accomplishments, it may be remarked that a well-trained dancing-dog would have far surpassed him; and to the latter, that he merely pressed his projecting lips against the face of the keeper.

This animal increased very much in all his dimensions; and after having lived through two winters in London, he died on the first of April, 1819. The immediate cause of his death was the changing of his teeth, from which it was ascertained, that he must have been extremely young when first caught.

His skin and skeleton are now deposited in the Museum of the College of Surgeons in London.

ANECDOTE.

AN Irishman seeing a large quantity of potatoes standing in a market-place, observed to a bye-stander, "what a fine show of potatoes."—"Yes they are," replied he, "very fine potatoes; I see you have the name quite pat; how do you call them in your country?"—"Ah, fait!" returned the Irishman, "we never call 'em; when we want any, we go and dig them."

ON THE SAGACITY OF ASSES.

THE manner in which the asses descend the precipices of the Alps or the Andes, is truly extraordinary. In the passes of these mountains there are often on one side lofty eminences, and on the other frightful abysses; and, as these generally follow the direction of the mountain, the road, instead of lying on a level, forms, at every little distance, steep declivities of several hundred yards downward. Places of this description can only be descended by asses; and the animals themselves, by the caution that they use, seem to be sensible of the danger to which they are exposed. When they come to the edge of one of the descents, they stop of themselves, without being checked by the rider; and, if he inadvertently attempt to spur them on, they continue immovable. They seem all this time ruminating on the danger that lies before them, and preparing themselves for the encounter. They not only attentively view the road, but tremble at the danger. Having prepared for their descent, they place their fore-feet in a posture, as if they were stopping themselves; they then also put their hinder feet together, but a little forward, as if they were about to lie down. In this attitude, having taken a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. All that the rider has to do is to keep himself fast on the saddle, without checking the rein; for the least motion is sufficient to disorder the equilibrium of the ass, in which case both must unavoidably perish.—But their address in this rapid descent is truly wonderful: for in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow exactly the different windings of the road, as if they had previously settled in their minds the route they were to follow, and had taken every possible precaution for their safety.

In this journey, the natives, who are placed along the sides of the mountains, and hold themselves by the roots of the trees, animate the beasts with shouts, and encourage them to perseverance. Some asses, after being long used to these journeys, acquire a kind of reputation for their safety, and their skill and value rise in proportion to their fame.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. MARGERUM,

THE

Fat Widow of Worthing.

HAVE you ever been at Worthing, gentle reader? for if you have, you must have heard of the gentle heroine of my tale;—if you have not, peruse these simple annals.

Miss Patty Pumpkin came of a goodly, a true aldermanic race—her parents were portly, and the table is retained among the family furniture, at which her grandfather sat, and in which an ample indention exists, cut, in days of yore, to facilitate the old gentleman's approach to it—indeed his descendants have boasted that Louis 18th took the idea from Mr. Pumpkin.

Miss Patty was born fat; she grew in strength and size, and weighed sixteen stone, ere she had counted sixteen years. She loved every thing except learning;—for at school she was as dull as a Dutchman.—To hear her read a page, was an excellent soporific—and her writing was somewhat like the Chinese character, so that some gave her credit for writing *Arabic*; her arithmetic did not reach *reduction*; and for all the *lighter* accomplishments, she evinced an entire inaptitude.

Miss Pumpkin had a round, good-natured face, and at seventeen her smiles began to have a meaning, and her parents to have an anxiety for her advantageous settlement in life—but, alas! her obesity was an obstacle to her happiness. A Greenland captain, indeed, seemed to disregard this little blemish; but then as Miss Crabtree *good-naturedly* remarked, “He *had* been used to whales.” Somehow or other, however, the captain set sail and left our heroine in “plump distress.” She now, like Matthew's Welshman, resolved to set about some plan for “removing the mountain;” her exertions were vigorous, but vain; no thinner could she get; and though she might exclaim as pathetically as Hamlet—“Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,” she found that, like Richard, she was not given to the melting mood. Abstinence—ablutions—pedestrianism, and posturizing, were successively tried, but were alike unavailing: she then determined to try the powers of

the apothecary.—Dr. C. prescribed a vegetable diet: but she throve on potatoes. Dr. A. gave his celebrated red pill; but, like a sturdy freebooter, she “fattened upon pillage.” Had she existed among the Gordii* she would indubitably have been chosen for their sovereign, at least if we are to believe Erasmus. In the utter hopelessness of growing thinner, she relaxed her exertions, and resolved to trust to the effect of her full-blown charms. About this period, Mr. Margerum presented himself to her notice: though not quite so thin as *Philetas*, he was a slim suitor—their courtship was short;—he vowed, *flesh* and *blood* could not resist her charms; and she believed him, though he was only *skin* and *bone*. Once, however, he ran a very near risk of forfeiting her favour, for on their being requested to sing a duet together, he unwittingly began

“Fatima, Fatima, Selim’s here.”

especially as, by a slight inaccuracy of pronunciation, into which he sometimes deviated, he sung it

“Fatima, Fatima, *Slim* is here.”

The look he caught, as he raised his adoring eyes toward her face, effectually stopped the flow of melting melody he had commenced;—but lover’s-quarrels are short, and so was Miss Pumpkin’s anger. Some suggestions of prudence might also have hinted that she could not afford to lose a chance; and a few days from that period the merry bells of Worthing announced that they were made one. If in a matrimonial compact, one party is to supply the deficiencies of the other—

“Surely a pair were never seen

So justly formed to meet by nature.”

Mr. Margerum was a respectable fishmonger: trade flourished—the fish in his shop seemed to reflect the good looks of his lady; Mr. M.’s fish sold, and—his wife fattened, and it might have been aptly said, in reference to her—

“Oh! flesh, how art thou fishified!”

* The Gordii were said to choose the *fattest* man for their king, for this sensible reason, that in any public calamity, he could not run away.

The happiness of this well-matched pair was crowned by the birth of a daughter—a fair little flat-fish—inheriting the joint stock of her parents' qualifications: though boasting the legitimate proportion of fat (from her mother), she was brisk as an eel (like her father); and though much pains and expence were bestowed on her education, she was ignorant as a gudgeon (like both).

To describe the felicity of this peerless family, would require no common powers; but I would forbear, even had I confidence enough in my own for the task, since I am also destined to rehearse its distress. Mr. Margerum was taken ill—the doctor shook his head—that did not alarm them, for they thought there was *nothing in it*—but

“Too soon, the fatal truth was known,”

Mr. Margerum died, leaving his widow to lament his loss, and look after the “*loaves and fishes*.” Her grief was great—all night she bedewed her pillow, and all day she moistened her handkerchief with her tears, but—she got no thinner.

Mrs. Margerum's ideas had ever been above fish; she panted to throw aside the “vulgarity of trade” with her weeds, and mix in gay scenes (anxious to forget her grief); to join the mazy dance, and trip it on “the light fantastic toe.”

The *marble shop-board* (as Mrs. O'Donnells, of Billingsgate, calls it) was soon disposed of; the finny tribe were resigned to other hands; and Mrs. Margerum and her daughter hastened to London, resolving to “see Life.”

A new scene now indeed opened upon them, and new wants and wishes were perpetually arising, till fortune (in one of those freaks in which she loves to expose the inconsistency and frailty of human nature) destined Mrs. Margerum to turn her thoughts to *dancing*; an accomplishment she had altogether neglected in her earlier years. Placing herself and her plump pet, under the tuition of Mons. D. she was unremitting in her exertions; she soon got on surprisingly with “Capt. Wyke,” “Lord Catheart,” &c. &c. Not but that it once or twice occurred to Mons. D. that it would not be amiss if the *surveyors* were to pay a visit to the house to inspect the *state of the foundation*—however he felt some confidence in the consciousness that it was an *old house*; built when bricks and timber were thought *essentials* to the

construction of a dwelling; had it been a *new* one, he would certainly not have rashly risked his life. This gentleman (who, by the bye, was an Englishman, but to humour an absurd preference called himself a Frenchman,) this gentleman smiled as he beheld the laborious efforts of the mother and daughter, and in a spirit of humour, of which they were little conscious, set them dancing to a tune set to the following words—(extract of a song written by Matthew Lewis, esq.)

Two dozen bears, arranged in pairs,
Going as fast as they can go—
A stately pig performs a jig,
And a graceful goose a fandango.

* * * *

Here figured out a *tower* so stout,
Here figured in a fountain;
A sea-port town the dance led down
And went back to back with a *mountain*.

* * * *

A young he lamb introduced by a ram,
To brisk *young whale* advances;
And making a leg, cries, ma'am, may I beg
Your *fin* for the next two dances.

And he mentally exclaimed, as the dance ended, (as much inflated by his own powers as despising theirs)—

“How ill the music to the motion suits,
So *Orpheus* fiddled, and so danced *the brutes*.”

Miss Margerum was by no means so successful as her mamma in her endeavours to attain the graces of Terpsichore; she had not the same patient application, nor the same persevering spirit. She might have said, with poor Humphrey, “How can I be expected to “balancez” on *one* leg, when I can scarcely balance myself on *two*.” Time, however, does wonders; and in time, though scarcely so agile as the *Hippopotamus*, she contrived to acquire enough of the art to return and astonish the natives of Worthing.

Return they did, and the opportunity of display for which they panted at length occurred.—A public ball was announced: Now was the lively wit of Mrs. Margerum and the brilliant fancy of her daughter racked to appear in the most novel

and becoming dresses. They mutually agreed, that the colours could not be too gay, nor the petticoats too short; a coincidence of sentiment that equally discovered the delicacy of their tastes, and the *strength* of their *understandings*. After a quantum sufficit of palpitations and anticipations, the eventful day at last arrived. Early hours were vulgar; with great difficulty they restrained themselves till the arrival of an hour more suited to their new ideas and fashionable appearance. The room was tolerably full, when Mrs. Margerum entered, waddling like a *walrus*, followed by her daughter, like a dutiful young *morse*. The universal gaze that was immediately fixed on them, they received as an evidence of their powers of attraction, and an earnest of the celebrity they were destined to attain. Quadrilles were just at that period becoming the order of the day, and of course could not conclude without them. Mrs. Margerum unshrinkingly stood forth—but Miss M. who though not very rich, was very *pursy*, declined any further exertion that evening. In the course of the dance it became Mrs. Margerum's fate to stand figuring *alone* before her partners, and when her "poor little body" (as *she* called it) was left to its solitary exertions—when there was no *dumpling* to keep the *pudding* in countenance, the effect on the risible muscles of the company was too great—a titter at first arose among the more juvenile—a cough (a laugh-choker) became general, till at length nature was overpowered, and a burst of universal and irrepressible merriment prevailed. This was the *coup de grace*! The first feelings of the unfortunate quadriller's soul were rage and indignation; but how fruitless is anger when exerted against a multitude! she thought better of it, and, after an hysterical sob or two, sunk on the floor in a fainting fit. Water was procured—Miss Margerum sprinkled her mother as her mother used to sprinkle the fish: but she revived not. It was next proposed to remove her into the open air—a thing more easily talked of than performed, but combination will effect wonders—six gentlemen with infinite labour finally succeeded in the attempt. At length she slowly recovered, and an awkward attempt was made to account for the sudden and unbecoming mirth of the company—but it was in vain. The event of that night struck *deep* into Mrs. Margerum's breast; it had gone to her heart. From that

moment a deep melancholy preyed upon her spirits—she retired from an “ungrateful world,” thinking it preferable

“To waste her sweetness on the desert air,”

than to run the chance of having her feelings again wounded by an indiscriminating multitude. Mortified vanity invaded her health, though not her fat, and in no very distant period she died the victim of a redundant corpulency. It is said, her perturbed spirit still haunts the Assembly-room, stumping as she was wont to do, but the *wiser* part of the good people of Worthing credit not the assertion, because they think, and think justly with Murphy, “that she was too fat for a ghost.”

The fair inheritor of her mother's honours still lives, recalling to mind the well-fed widow, and preserving in remembrance this useful axiom—Never to be guilty of the folly of attempting those things, for which nature or circumstances have incapacitated us.

A COXCOMB NONSUITED.

A COUNTRYMAN, loaded with faggots, cried loudly, as he passed along, “Make way! make way!” that people might beware in time, as is usual. A coxcomb, who thought it beneath him to take the fellow's counsel, pushed by him, and had his coat, which was silk, considerably torn. He flew in a violent passion, and had the man taken before a magistrate, pleading for payment of the damage. The countryman was interrogated, but he merely opened his mouth without speaking. “Are you dumb? my friend,” said the magistrate, “No,” interrupted the plaintiff, “mere malice, because he cannot defend himself; he appears dumb now, but when we met this morning, he bawled, ‘Make way! make way;’ like a Stentor; you might have heard him a mile off.”—“And why then,” said the magistrate, “did you not make way?”

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

ST. RONAN'S WELL. By the Author of "Waverly," "Quentin Durward," &c. In three volumes. Edinburgh, 1824.

(Concluded from page 100.)

To point out the beauties of St. Ronan's Well, will be a more pleasing task: for beauties there certainly are scattered through these volumes, though with a parsimonious hand. Such are the ethic portraits, some of which are admirably executed. Meg Dods, the antiquated virago, who keeps the deserted inn, or change-house, at St. Ronan's, is well drawn, but at too much length for our pages. We prefer introducing our readers to Mr. Winterblossom, the selfish voluptuary, who is president of the company, or master of the ceremonies, at St. Ronan's Well.

"First in place, though perhaps second to the Doctor in real authority, was Mr. Winterblossom; a civil sort of person, who was nicely precise in his address, wore his air curled, and dressed with powder, had knee-buckles set with Bristol stones, and a seal-ring as large as Sir John Falstaff's. In his heyday he had a small estate, which he had spent like a gentleman, by mixing with the gay world. He was, in short, one of those respectable links which connect the coxcombs of the present day with those of the last age, and could compare, in his own experience, the follies of both. In latter days, he had sense enough to extricate himself from his course of dissipation, though with impaired health and impoverished fortune.

"Mr. Winterblossom now lived upon a moderate annuity, and had discovered a way of reconciling his economy with much company and made dishes, by acting as perpetual president of the table-d'hôte at the Well. Here he used to amuse the society by telling stories about Garrick, Foote, Bonnel Thornton, and Lord Kellie, and delivering his opinions in matters of taste and vertu. An excellent carver, he knew how to help each guest to what was precisely his due; and never failed to reserve a proper slice as the reward of his own labours. To conclude, he was possessed of some taste in the fine arts, at least in painting and music, although it was rather of the technical kind, than that which warms the heart and elevates the feelings. There was, indeed, about Mr. Win-

terblossom, nothing that was either warm or elevated. He was shrewd, selfish, and sensual; the last of which qualities he screened from observation, under a specious varnish of exterior complaisance. Therefore, in his professed and apparent anxiety to do the honours of the table, to the most punctilious point of good breeding, he never permitted the attendants upon the public taste to supply the wants of others until all his own private comforts had been fully arranged and provided for.

"Mr. Winterblossom was also distinguished for possessing a few curious engravings, and other specimens of art, with the exhibition of which he occasionally beguiled a wet morning at the public room. They were collected, '*viis et modis*,' said the Man of Law, another distinguished member of the Committee, with a knowing cock of his eye, to his next neighbour."

We must give another extract relative to this worthy.

"The clamour which attends the removal of dinner from a public room had subsided; the clatter of plates, and knives and forks—the bustling tread of awkward boobies of country servants, kicking each other's shins, and wrangling, as they endeavour to rush out at the door three abreast—the clash of glasses and tumblers, borne to earth in the tumult—the shrieks of the landlady—the curses, not loud, but deep, of the landlord—had all passed away: and those of the company who had servants, had been accommodated by their respective Ganymedes with such remnants of their respective bottles of wine, spirits, &c., as the said Ganymedes had not previously drunken up; while the rest, broken into such observance by Mr. Winterblossom, waited patiently until the worthy president's own special and multifarious commissions had been executed by a tidy young woman and a lumpish lad, the regular attendants belonging to the house, but whom he permitted to wait on no one, till, as the hymn says,

"All his wants were well supplied."

"And, Dinah—my bottle of pale sherry, Dinah—place it on this side—there is a good girl;—and, Toby—get my jug with the hot water—and let it be boiling—and don't spill it on Lady Penelope, if you can help it, Toby."

"No—for her ladyship has been in hot water to-day already," said the Squire; a sarcasm to which Lady Penelope only replied with a look of contempt.

“ ‘And, Dinah, bring the sugar—the soft East-India sugar, Dinah—and a lemon, Dinah; one of those which came fresh to day.—Go, fetch it from the bar, Toby—and don’t tumble down stairs, if you can help it.—And, Dinah—stay Dinah—the nutmeg, Dinah; and the ginger, my good girl—And, Dinah—put the cushion up behind my back—and the footstool to my foot, for my toe is something the worse for my walk with your ladyship this morning to the top of Belvidere.’ ”

“ ‘Her ladyship may call it what she pleases in common parlance,’ said the writer; ‘but it must stand Munt-grunzie in the stamped paper, being so nominated in the ancient writs and evidents thereof.’ ”

“ ‘And, Dinah,’ continued the president, ‘lift up my handkerchief—and—a bit of biscuit, Dinah—and—and I do not think I want any thing else—Look to the company, my good girl.—I have the honour to drink the company’s very good health.—Will your ladyship honour me by accepting a glass of negus?—I learned to make negus from old Dartineuf’s son—He always used East-India sugar, and added a tamarind—it improves the flavour infinitely.—Dinah, see your father sends for some tamarinds—Dartineuf knew a good thing almost as well as his father—I met him at Bath in the year—let me see—Garriek was just taking leave, and that was in,’ &c. &c. &c.—“And what is this now, Dinah?” he said, as she put into his hand a roll of paper.”

Some of the other characters are well sketched, as those of Lady Penelope Penfeather, a sort of literary female of rank, and Sir Bingo Binks, a *bang-up* baronet. But the best scenes in the work want the charm of originality; and if *St. Ronan’s Well* should become popular, as doubtless it will, to the fame previously acquired by the author must its success be chiefly attributed.

HOW TO BE RID OF A WIFE; and THE LILY OF ANNANDALE: Tales, by Elizabeth Isabella Spence, Author of “*Letters from the North Highlands*,” “*Old Stories*,” &c. &c. In two Volumes. 1823. pp. 327, 256.

We have, in these volumes, two novels which form a proper accompaniment to each other; the story of the first novel being of a comic, and that of the latter of a tragic, complexion.

Both are founded on historical anecdotes of private life; and the greatest objection we make to them is, that they consist of fact and fiction blended together, in a manner incongruous with our preconceived ideas of some of the characters which figure in them. But this is a defect incident to all historical novels and romances. "How to be rid of a Wife," is introduced by the following motto, which may serve as the argument of the tale—

"Guard well your hearts, postillions, post-boys, groom,
Here comes the hostler's widow in her bloom:
She's now no widow; but his grace's wife,
His guide, his shield, his currycomb for life."

Old Poetry.

The story is said to be derived from an adventure of an individual of the noble family of Chandos, who is represented as having rescued the wife of an ostler at an inn at Glastonbury, from the brutal violence of her husband, by purchasing her, in the Smithfield style, for a sum of money. The champion of distressed virtue places his charge under the protection of a clergyman; guards her against an attempt of her husband to reclaim her; and at length, on her becoming a widow, marries her. These and some subordinate events, are told as part of the history of the first Duke of Chandos, who built the magnificent mansion at Cannons near Edgeware, which was pulled down after his death. This Mrs. Spence acknowledges to be an anachronism. "It was not" (she tells us) "the *Grand Duke of*——, but one of a later date, who purchased the hostler's wife."

This tale is told in an agreeable manner, and is not deficient in interest; though it contains no very brilliant passages, nor any which would appear to advantage in a detached form.

"The Lily of Annandale" is a fictitious narrative, founded on the melancholy catastrophe of Helen Irving, the theme of many a Scottish lay. She fell a victim to the resentment of a jealous lover, during an interview with a more favoured admirer; who avenged his mistress by slaying her assassin. The fate of the unfortunate survivor may be told in the words of the author:—

"Many years had rolled away, and all recollection of Fleming was lost, except when Helen's disastrous story was

revived, and her grave was visited by the curious traveller, who heard, with tearful eye, the melancholy fate of one so young and beautiful.

"It was more than twenty years after these tragical events took place, that a stranger, wrapt in a cloak, was seen bending with feeble steps, wasted form, and haggard eyes, toward the grave of Helen.

"A peasant passing homeward, with curious gaze, noticed his steps, as another stranger of more humble guise, appeared to watch, at a short distance, with anxious look, the person who with mournful aspect tottered along.

"Still and solemn was the scene; on the grave wild flowers sprung, mingling with the long grass, which in dewy drops waved over the silent stone.

"In mournful attitude the stately figure, with bended knee and up-raised hands, hung over the grave; but soon, with a piercing groan, fell prostrate on the tomb of Helen.

"Surprise and dismay overwhelmed the honest borderer. He beheld, he recognized in the melancholy stranger, the lost Fleming.

"With tender caution he hastened to raise him up; but it was a vain effort. His gallant spirit was fled to join that of fair Helen.

"On her grave he found at last his bed of rest; and, to the present day, their remains sleep in peace together.*

"They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

To spread a few slight incidents over a great number of pages, is an art too much studied by novel-writers. Mrs. Spence disdains such flimsy expedients; and her more compact narratives are thus advantageously distinguished from those of many of her contemporaries.

* The grave of the lovers is to be seen in the church-yard of Kirkconnel. On the tomb-stone is the following inscription, "*Hic jacet Adamus Fleming.*" A cross and a sword are likewise inscribed on the stone.

"A large stone cross on the banks of the Kirtle, marks the spot where fair Helen was slain."

THE PILOT; a Tale of the Sea. By the Author of "The Spy," "The Pioneers," &c. London, 1824. 3 vols. 12mo.

THIS is an American novel, a species of literary commodity which, a few years ago, was very rare, and, at the same time, very worthless. But the case is now materially altered: for the public writers of America appear to possess peculiar talents for the composition of fictitious narratives, and many of their works have been imported into this country*. Mr. Cooper, the author of the volumes before us, has repeatedly contributed to our amusement. This, like all his productions, bears the stamp of original genius. His faults do not arise from want of power, but from a deficiency of taste and judgment; so that we frequently find something to admire where we cannot approve.

The "Tale of the Sea," relates the history of a predatory attack on the coasts of Cumberland, by the crews of two American vessels, during the war which ended in the independence of the United States. Colonel Howard, a trans-atlantic loyalist, who has retired to St. Ruth's-abbey, in the north of England, has two nieces residing with him. Two of the principal officers of the American ships, are in love with

* Some idea of the state of literature on the other side of the Atlantic, and the avidity of the popular appetite for the productions of the press in the United States, may be obtained from the following information, furnished by a recent traveller in America.— "The new novel, *Peveril of the Peak*, was received from England in New York, on Monday, at ten A. M. and was printed, published, and sold on Tuesday, within twenty-eight hours after the same was received. Another English copy of the same work was received per the Custom-house, New York, at twelve o'clock, on Wednesday, at one o'clock forwarded to Philadelphia by the mail. In Philadelphia it was printed on Thursday, and on Friday 2000 copies were put up in boards by six o'clock in the morning. The English copy of Moore's *Loves of the Angels*, was taken out of the Custom-house at New York on a Monday, in February last, at eleven o'clock, A.M. was immediately sent to Philadelphia, and 250 copies of the work printed were received at New York on Thursday following, by eight o'clock, A. M. and the same copies sold and circulated that afternoon." *Duncan's Travels in America*.

these young ladies. They attack the Colonel's mansion, to carry off their mistresses; and, in spite of all opposition, succeed in this rough method of wooing.

This novel abounds in incident, and contains many rich delineations of nautical character and manners. The author, like Smollet, enjoyed the advantage, as an observer, of having served in the navy; his portraits, therefore, are drawn from the life; and are consequently calculated to gratify readers whose taste is not too fastidious. In almost all the productions of American intellect, which it has fallen to our lot to examine, there has been a certain coarseness both of sentiment and expression, indicative of the general state of society in the country in which they originate. This forms the principal drawback on the merit of these volumes; which, though not equal to the fascinating narratives of Mr. Washington Irving, will not suffer from a comparison with those of his coadjutor, the author of *Koningsmarke**.

TIME'S TELESCOPE; or the Astronomer's, Botanist's, and Naturalist's Guide, for the year 1824. 12mo.

THIS is a periodical publication, of which eleven annual volumes have already appeared. The plan of the work seems to have been originally derived, in part, from Mr. Brady's very useful '*Clavis Calendaria*.' But in addition to the kind of information which might have been drawn from that source, much has been here presented relating to various branches of physical science; and various amusing articles have also been introduced. Besides sketches of chronology, biography, and poetical illustrations and contributions, the present volume contains an essay on the "Outlines of historical and physical Geography." It forms altogether an entertaining and useful manual; and as such we recommend it to the notice of our young readers.

* Mr. Paulding, who wrote the adventures of *the Long Finne*, was, in conjunction with Mr. Irving, and Mr. Verplanck, a barrister, the author of an agreeable miscellany intitled "*Salmagundi*," which has been reprinted in London.

FIRST LOVE; a Tale of my Mother's Times. In two volumes. 1824. 12mo. pp. 244, 244.

THE title of this novel should have been, *First Love superseded by second Love*; for it contains a history of the successful endeavours of a lover to overcome an attachment to an unworthy object, in favour of a most deserving mistress. To pourtray sentiment, rather than character, seems to have been the object of the writer of these volumes. The incidents are few, but they are told in a manner not uninteresting. The language is in general correct and appropriate; and if this tale has no very striking beauties, it is not deformed by any glaring faults; so that it may, without hazard, be recommended to those who are in search of innocent amusement.

PATIENCE. A Tale. By Mrs. Hofland, Author of "Integrity, a Tale;" "The Son of a Genius;" "Tales of the Priory;" "Tales of the Manor," &c. &c. 1824. 12mo. pp. 298.

There is nothing very striking in the tales of Mrs. Hofland. They are plain, unadorned narratives of common events. But they are told in a manner calculated to attract the attention, and improve the disposition of the youthful reader. The story before us inculcates a very necessary and valuable virtue; and we feel pleasure in recommending it as a useful and amusing production.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

AMONG the literary works in the press is a volume intitled "Memoirs of Captain Rock, the celebrated Irish Chieftain; with some account of his ancestors. Written by Himself." This will probably prove to be a curious and interesting production, *according to report*, from the pen of Mr. Thomas Moore, the Poet.

Talma. The celebrated French tragedian, Talma, is about to make his appearance in two characters *in the same tragedy*. The part of the first character extends no farther than the second act; and the last begins in the third act.

Josephus. A new translation of the works of Josephus, the Jewish historian, has been undertaken, by a Clergyman of the Church of England. Sir Roger L'Estrange, towards the close of the 17th century, and Whiston, in the early part of the last, published translations of the Hebrew Annals and Antiquities; and the work of the latter has been several times reprinted.

The Ettrick Shepherd. Mr. James Hogg, the well known writer of the *Queen's Wake*, *The Poetic Mirror*, and various other poems and novels, is about to publish an epic poem, intitled, "Queen Hynde."

Jewish Antiquities. Count Michael della Torre is said to have discovered at the town of Gindecca in Italy, nine Hebrew and Chaldee inscriptions, in beautifully written characters. They were found under ground; and are supposed by some to be as old as Jehosaphat king of Judah, and by others to be several centuries older.

The Rev. Sol. Piggot, has announced for publication, a work on "Suicide," which will contain a series of anecdotes and narratives relating to that subject.

Mr. Geo. Cruikshank, an artist well known for his talents as a comic painter, is preparing designs for a humorous exposition of a very serious subject; the *Treadmill*. He is also engaged on a work illustrative of the manners of the Irish.

Nova Zembla. The Russian government, in 1821, sent a brig of war to explore the coasts of this arctic country. Lieut. Litke, the officer employed, has lately returned to St. Petersburg, after having made some discoveries, which it is to be hoped will be made public.

More than forty students were expelled from the College of *Louis le Grand*, at Paris, for refusing to drink the health of the King of France, on the fete of Charlemagne.

Jericault, the painter, one of whose productions was exhibited in London some time since; and Mr. Langles, the celebrated orientalist, died lately at Paris. The former left a great number of fine pictures, which will shortly be sold.

Charles Dibdin. A public dinner and concert is about to take place in aid of a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument in honour of the musical veteran, whose truly national songs contributed so much to promote a patriotic spirit among Britons.

Arctic Expedition. It is probable that Captain Parry will sail on his third voyage towards the North Pole, by the middle of May; as the astronomical instruments ordered for his use are to be shipped by the first of that month.

The office of Licensor of Plays, vacant by the death of Mr. Larpent, has, by the Lord Chamberlain, been bestowed on Mr. Geo. Colman.

Claude Lorraine. A collection of drawings by this artist has recently been discovered, by accident, in Spain. It was purchased by an English gentleman, for a very small sum, and sold to Mr. Payne Knight for £1600, which is probably much below its real value. The drawings are about 130 in number, and are exquisitely finished in sepia.

A gentleman is engaged in preparing for the press, a "Biographical Dictionary" on a new plan; better adapted for popular use than any now extant.

A highly finished, and accredited likeness of *Mrs. Hannah More*, engraved by Worthington, from a painting by H. W. Pickersgill, A. R. A. will be published in a few days.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR JANUARY, 1824.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—Parliament was opened on the 3rd, by commission; a return of his Majesty's indisposition, the gout, preventing his personally attending.—The speech was read from the throne by the Lord Chancellor.—Among other topics, it glanced at the prosperous condition of the country—the extension of trade and commerce—the flourishing state of public credit, and the reviving state of the agricultural interest. It also noticed the amending condition of Ireland,—the continuation of peace and amity between Great Britain and other countries,—and the official appointment of consuls in the principal ports and places in South America for the protection of trade. A further diminution of taxes was declared practicable, and the amelioration of the condition of the Negro Slaves in our West India Colonies, recommended to the serious consideration of Parliament.

The Parliamentary proceedings of the month, although they have not been such as to involve the great question of foreign or domestic policy, or to call forth the oratorical powers of our great statesmen, have yet been extremely important, and evince such a proof of a liberal and beneficial policy as must be contemplated with heartfelt satisfaction.—The usury laws,—the combination laws,—the vagrant acts,—the cruelty prevention acts,—the impressment of seamen,—the state of Ireland,—the qualifications and acts relative to jurors and special juries,—the legacy duties,—emigration of artizans prevention acts,—slave laws,—and the alleged procrastinations of the Court of Chancery,—are undergoing, or will, among others, shortly undergo, a complete revision; from which we anticipate the most favorable result.

Among the subjects for which notices of new bills have been given, are, the repeal of so much of the 9th of William III. as denies to Roman Catholics and Dissenters the rights of Sepulture in Protestant burial grounds,—the extension of the existing qualifications relative to jurors,—the preventing magistrates committing prisoners to hard labour previous to trial,—the consolidation of the bankrupt laws,—the erection of a bridge at Ham-

mersmith,—the cutting a tunnel eastward of London-bridge,—the preventing the distraining of growing crops for rent,—the more ready and less expensive recovery of debts under £10,—and the amendment of the game laws, by recognizing game as the property of every man upon whose ground it may be found. There are also notices of motions for the repeal of the window-tax, also the leather tax, the duty on wine, and that on beer and malt.

Petitions to Parliament from various parts of the country have been pouring in, and daily arrive, against the duties on coals, carried coastwise. By a statement made in the House of Commons on the 18th, it appears that, in London, every individual, on the average, pays 28s. a year to this tax; it also presses peculiarly hard on the agriculturalist, as it costs for coal to burn the lime, with which a great quantity of land is manured, 8s. per acre!

The Catalogue of Accidents and Offences of the month exhibits some shocking details.—On the 5th, a poor little child was burnt to death, in consequence of her clothes taking fire, while endeavouring to reach a needle from the mantle piece.—On the 11th, as five labourers were digging for flints at the base of the cliffs between the Royal Crescent and the Black Rock, Brighton, the overhanging earth suddenly fell in, and buried the whole of them, and though dug out almost instantly, they were all found quite dead. The rule obtained against Lord Farnham, in the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, for magisterial cruelty, in himself severely flogging a poor boy brought before him for cutting a few sticks from a tree on his Lordship's estate, for the purpose of fuel, has been made absolute. His Lordship will now have to answer the enquiry.

The John Dunbar, trader, was totally lost, near Holyhead, on the 6th; the cargo, together with thirteen persons, who composed the crew, went down. On the 23d ult. the Wyton, of Hull, was wrecked off Cape Breton, and only five of the crew were saved. The captain and four others got on shore, but without food or dry clothing, and were obliged to seek for shelter among the woods. The ground was covered with snow, and they had no means of procuring even a fire. In a few days the Captain and one of his four fellow sufferers died; and eventually, one only returned home to tell the tale of woe. Several other vessels

were lost near the same place, but not under such melancholy circumstances.

In the early part of the month, a man, named Hewlett, was committed to Reading gaol, for pouring boiling-water down the throat of his own child! the little sufferer lingered ten days in the most excruciating agony, when heaven kindly put a period to her sufferings. And on the 17th, a servant-girl was committed to Horsham gaol for taking the child of her mistress out of its cradle, and putting it into the copper, where it was not found till the following day.—It appears, by her own confession, that her mistress having left her to mind the child, and the child beginning to cry, she took it up, and going to the copper, which happened to be full of water, put in the little innocent: seeing it struggle, she put down the lid, and left it! The anguish of the parents, particularly the mother, on missing the infant out of its cradle, can be better conceived than described, nor, though their doubts were removed, were their sufferings lessened, when the dreadful discovery was made known to them. A coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of Wilful Murder against Esther Gorringer, the servant girl.

Byrne, the Irishman, who was decoyed over to this country by the Ex-sheriff Parkins, under a pretence of obtaining a subscription in his behalf, obtained a verdict, in the Court of King's Bench, on the 16th, for £194. 4s. 4½., being money which his pretended friend had received on his behalf, but which he had in vain applied for. And on the following day, a second verdict, for defamation of character, was obtained against the same defendant.

On the 19th, Miss Hopkins, a young female, obtained a verdict, and damages to the amount of £400, against the proprietor of one of the Brighton stages, for injury received by the upsetting of the Coach, through the breaking of the pole while on its journey to that place; her cheek-bone was fractured, and her ankle-bone much injured; it is doubtful whether she is not a cripple for life. Overloading the coach, which was not the regular stage, but an old hired one, seems to have been the cause of the accident. Several other persons were injured—one gentleman had his leg broken.

A poor woman in Scotland has just come into possession of £10,000, by a late verdict in the Court of King's Bench.

Meetings to petition Parliament against the Slave Trade, are in active preparation in many parts of the country.

Several young fowls, actually hatched by steam, were lately presented to the Princess Vittoria.

On the 10th, a numerous and respectable meeting of the proprietors of India-stock, took place in Leadenhall-street; at which the truth of the various rumours affecting the character of the Marquis of Hastings, was decidedly disowned.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers, the reductions proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the 23rd: they are as under.—

1. Of the duty on rum, 1s. 1½d. per gallon is to be removed,
2. The 3s. 6d. per chaldron, additional duty paid on sea-borne coals, in the Port of London, will be removed: the tax on inland coals brought into this port by Canal, or by the Thames, is also to be reduced, and the restriction on the quantity so brought to be taken off.

3. The duty of 6d. per lb. on Foreign Wool imported, is to be reduced to 1d. per lb. and free exportation of British wool is to be allowed on a payment of 1d. per lb. duty.

4. The duties on raw Silks imported are to be reduced in the following manner:—

East India Silks, from 4s. to 3d. per lb.

China and Italy Silk, from 5s. 6d. to 6d. per lb.

Brazilian raw Silk, from 14s. 10d. to 7s. 6d. per lb.

The prohibitions on Foreign manufactured Silks are to be removed, and plain Silks are to be admitted at 15s. per lb. and all other silk goods at 30 per cent. on their value. A number of fancy articles and articles of dress, which are now prohibited, and furnish the trade of the French smugglers, are to be admitted on a payment of 30 per cent. *ad valorem*.

The Chancellor also proposed paying off the Four per cents. upon the following plan: Six months' notice is to be given to the holders of Four per cents. of their being paid off, with the exception of such of them as within six weeks do declare their consent to receive 3½ per cent. in lieu of their Four per cent. Stock.—the 3½ per Cent. not being redeemable within five years.

Notice was also given that the bounties on the Whale, Herring, and other Fisheries, will be allowed to expire; and that the Bounties on Linen will be gradually reduced, immediately abolishing the bounty on linen below 7d. a yard.

COLONIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Our West Indian colonists, particularly those in Jamaica, still continue in a very feverish state: violent measures have been resorted to by them, calling forth as prompt measures from the Government at home, in return. The naval force stationed there, has been increased, and several detachments of regulars, have been dispatched from this country. The general dissatisfaction seems to have spread itself to the French possessions; Martinique is placed under Martial Law.

On Tuesday, the 10th, a numerous and respectable meeting of merchants and owners of West-India property, was held in London, at which some discussion took place, reflecting no great credit on the humanity of the speakers. Eventually, a petition to Parliament, couched in firm but respectful language, was adopted.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.—The foreign intelligence of the month presents little that is either interesting or important. Lord Byron, who has made common cause with the Greeks, has arrived among them, and his arrival has been the signal for renewed exertions, which have hitherto been attended with success. Their descent upon Mytilene has been completely successful. The garrison of Patrass, hearing of the preparations making to take it by storm, thought proper to abandon it, and retire to Lepano. The subscription in aid of the Greek cause goes on well, and promises to be considerable. Several deputies are now in London from Greece, negotiating a loan.

General Sir Thomas Maitland, Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles, died in a fit of apoplexy, on the latter end of last month. He is to be succeeded by Sir F. Adam, in the Government of the Ionian Islands; and by the Marquis of Hastings in the Government of Malta. His death will be but little regretted by the Greeks; against whom, under the pretext of neutrality, he was constantly opposing some barrier to their endeavours in defence of their liberty.

Spain.—As the price of her enthrallment, this distracted country has been compelled to acknowledge a debt of thirty-four millions due by her to France; but without appropriating, at present, any public revenue or resource to its liquidation. As one proof of the oppressive and high power exercised by France, it was asserted, lately, in the House of Commons, that ships of that nation demanded and were admitted duty free into the ports of Spain, while British vessels were obliged to submit to heavy

imposts. No wonder then, if this be true, that their finances are in an embarrassed condition. Well indeed does France indemnify herself by this means for what she has done.

A Decree relative to the South-American provinces has just been issued by Ferdinand; in which, so far from acknowledging their independence, he "abolishes the Constitutional regime, and establishes there (he should have added, if they will but submit) his Government, on the footing in which it stood on the 27th of March, 1820, in the same manner as in the Peninsula." It now remains to see what course England will pursue; as Ministers will shortly be put to the test upon this momentous question.

The London Gazette, of Saturday, the 21st, contained a declaration of war against Algiers, for an infringement of their last treaty. An Algerine corvette was captured by Captain Spencer, in which were found seventeen Spaniards, whom they were carrying into slavery. A previous remonstrance was made to the Dey; on whose refusal to give any satisfaction, the annulment of the treaty was formally announced, and, subsequently, the above capture made.

THE DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

THE piece, with which this house was opened, has been several times repeated; and another of Rossini's Operas, *Il Barbiera di Seviglia*, has been performed, in which Signor Benetti makes his appearance, who promises to become an acquisition to the theatre. Madame Catalani, and Mr. Sinclair, are engaged to sing here; and when the great musician, whose talents have been put in requisition for our amusement, shall have completed the new Opera, which he is composing, we may hope that the expectations raised, in consequence of the assemblage of musical talent at this theatre, will not be entirely disappointed.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

This theatre has not been fertile in novelties lately. The musical entertainment of *Lodoiska*, has been revived, in which Miss Povey personated the heroine, and Mr. Horn, Floreski; but neither the piece nor the performers demand any very particular notice. Shakspeare's admirable Comedy,

The Merry Wives of Windsor, has been brought out at Drury Lane, with alterations, similar to those which have been made in The Comedy of Errors, and other dramas of the immortal bard. We do not altogether approve of the musical farces thus manufactured, but they appear to suit the taste of the audience. In the present instance, the play was well acted, and was received with approbation. On the 23rd, Mr. Kean performed the character of Hamlet, at this Theatre; while Mr. C. Kemble personated the Prince of Denmark, at Covent Garden.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Mr. G. Colman, the new licenser of plays, under the Lord Chamberlain, has refused his approbation to a new tragedy, which had been for some time in preparation at this theatre. The drama is entitled Alasco, and is founded on a portion of Polish history. The author, Martin Archer Shee, esq., R. A., intends to submit his production to the public, through the medium of the press; so that we shall have an opportunity of judging what might have been its demerits, in the eyes of the official dramatic censor.

Two new pieces have been produced at Covent Garden, with some success. The first is a Farce, called The Poachers. The story is improbable; but it contains some droll incidents; and is, in fact, an amusing trifle. The exertions of the performers contributed not a little to the favourable reception which it obtained. A new Opera has since been exhibited, under the title of Native Land, or the Return from Slavery. Sinclair appeared as the hero of the piece; and he was well supported by the other performers, among whom were Miss Tree, and Miss Paton. This musical entertainment seems likely to have a run.

THE SURREY THEATRE.

We have only room, at present, to notice the splendid spectacle exhibiting here, taken from the history of Ali Pacha, or Aslan the Lion. This melo-dramatic entertainment displays the character of the Despot of Tepelini, in more favourable colours than truth would warrant; but the effect was advantageous to the Drama. Mr. H. Kemble personated the hero; a part, to which his talents are well suited.

love he did deave me I said there was no-thing I

ha - ted like men, The deuce gae wi' him to be-lieve me

believe me, The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me.



He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying;
 I said he might die when he liked for Jean.
 The lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
 The lord forgi'e me for lying.

A weel stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,
 And marriage aff hand were his proffers;
 I never loot on that I kend it or car'd,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
 The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her,
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess;
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week, as I petted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there:
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
 Leest neebours might say I was saucy:
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 If she had recover'd her hearing,
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet;
 But heav'ns! how he fell a-swearin, a-swearin,
 But, heav'ns! how he fell a-swearin.

He begg'd for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

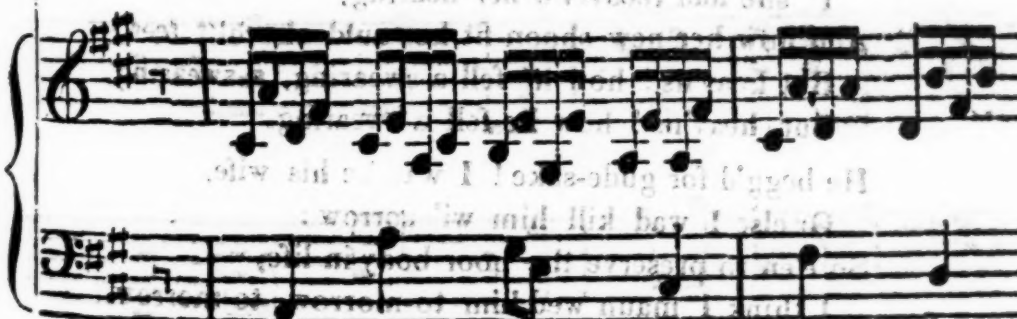
No. IX.

Forgive the Muse that slumber'd.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

Allegretto.[AIR—*I'd mourn the hopes &c.*

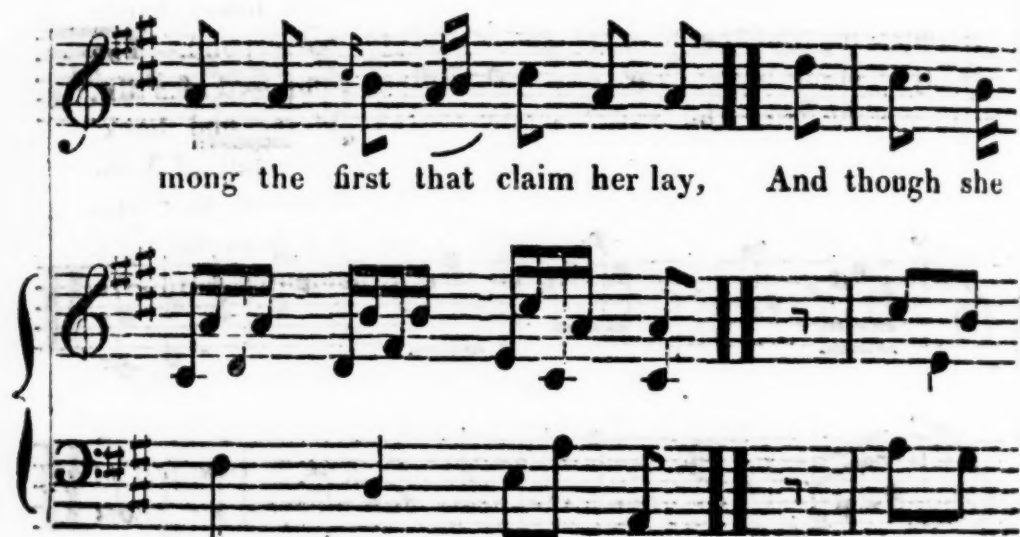
For - give the muse that slum-ber'd Up-on thy dear thy





na - tal day, Nor think that 'tis un-num-ber'd a-

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and continues with eighth notes E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, and C6. The piano accompaniment features a treble staff with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass staff with a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter and half notes.



mong the first that claim her lay, And though she

The second system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, and C6, then a half note D5, and continues with eighth notes E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, and C6. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns in both staves.



wants the fragrance of glow-ing fancy's beam di-vine, Af-

The third system of music concludes the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, and C6, then a half note D5, and continues with eighth notes E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, and C6. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns in both staves.



a-



she



Af-





Fashionable Morning & Evening Dresses for Modest

Invented by Miss Pierpont, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Pub. March 1844, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR MARCH, 1824.

MORNING DRESS.

A ROBE composed of geranium-coloured Levantine: it is ornamented with three narrow flounces of the same, terminating at the wrists very narrow, and ornamented by full satin *rouleaux*. The petticoat of the dress is finished at the border with a broad wadded hem, and beautifully trimmed with satin bands concealed under the flounce, and meeting in the centre with a full bow to each; the two lower bands terminating on the hem of the dress to correspond.—The body is made high; and a novel braiding, composed of satin, is brought over the bust, round the shoulders, and back, forming a cape which is completed by a rich fall of Vandyke. With this elegant robe is worn a beautiful lace collar of Urling's lace, which is made to fall over from the back part of the neck. Cap of French lace, ornamented with artificial flowers.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS, composed of clear book-muslin, worn over a white satin slip; the body is made low, with a rich fall of Urling's patent lace round the bust; the sleeves are short and full, with trimming to correspond: the bust is ornamented with a narrow puffing of amber-coloured satin, and a broad band to confine the waist.—The border of the skirt is finished below the hem with a fall of broad blond, surmounted by a full puffing of satin to correspond with the body; above which is a similar trimming, and the whole is finished by a flat piece of amber-coloured satin.—The hair is dressed in full curls over the forehead, and carried back by broad plaits and bows towards the right side.

Necklace and ornaments of amber. White kid gloves and white satin shoes.

These elegant dresses were invented by MISS PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

ALTHOUGH we scarcely ever remember a winter passing over our heads so uncommonly mild, as that which is now drawing to a close, yet it may truly be said, that our fair pedestrians never guarded themselves more sedulously against the cold: never were their winter habiliments of a warmer description; not only have muffs and tippets been universally worn, but trimmings, at least in walking dress, were generally of fur; and the same costly material served as a lining for the mantles of our most fashionable fair ones. These are now partially laid aside; but cloth gowns are very general in walking dress; they are, indeed, in equal estimation with pelisses; many of them are trimmed at the bottom, collar, and cuffs, with a broad band of fur. Some are also trimmed with satin, formed into lozenges by velvet points; and others by velvet bands cut in various forms.

Bonnets are closer and smaller than those we described last month; beaver hats are also much in favour. An extremely neat and appropriate walking bonnet is composed of black velvet, trimmed with three black satin knots, disposed in a bias direction in front of the crown. Bonnets of spotted velvet are also in favour; the crown is oval, and the brims are ornamented with blond lozenges let in round the edge, adorned with flowers.

Mantles of velvet, or *Gros de Naples*, are, in general, worn for carriage dresses; they are lined and trimmed with fur, and have also a high collar of the same material: they have entirely superseded those of satin. The pelerine is not of fur, but made to correspond with the mantle; it is deep, and cut round in large scollops; the mantle is fastened at the throat by a gold cord and tassel.

The materials most in favour for morning dresses, are cloth, twilled sarsnet, and silk; gowns made in the pelisse style, are still in estimation; but a very pretty and novel morning dress has lately appeared; it is composed of dove-coloured Levantine, and is made high; the back is full; the fronts wrap across, and fasten in a bow. The sleeves are full, and the epaulettes

are composed of interlaced bands, forming demi-lozenges. The skirt is trimmed with a fulness of the same material, confined by points, which turn up, and each is fastened by a small satin knot. This pretty morning dress is rendered complete by an apron of three quarters length, cut round in points, and finished in the French style, with pockets ornamented with satin knots.

For full dress, the gowns are now made wider at the bottom, and more gored than formerly; the bodies are cut square, but rather higher in the bosom than they have been for the last two months; the backs are narrow at the bottom, and invariably fasten behind. The materials are, white satin, *Gros de Naples*, and coloured silks. Flowers are much worn in trimmings, particularly for ball dresses. The most admired of these dresses are composed of pale rose-coloured *tulle*, worn over satin to correspond: they are finished at the bottom of the skirt by a very full satin *rouleau*, above which are waves of the same, interspersed with bouquets of roses; the upper row is confined by three satin *rouleaux*, proceeding in a standing direction up the front of the dress to the waist; they have bouquets of roses placed on them at regular distances; thus forming a very elegant drapery. The *corsage* is cut moderately high and square; the upper part is full, but the fulness is confined by *rouleaux* placed perpendicularly. The sleeves are full, confined in the same manner, and finished by a narrow satin band.

The most fashionable colours are, crimson, rose colour, amber, bright green, and celestial blue.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

THERE has been very little variety in the promenade costume of the Parisian *belles* since our last report, only, that black silk gowns are more worn. Velvet dresses and fur tippets are beginning to disappear, and Cachemere shawls in endless variety are conspicuous. Black bonnets still continue in favour; those of different colours are also fashionable. A number of beautiful white satin bonnets, adorned with an

intermixture of Provence roses and ears of ripe corn, have made their appearance. The brims of bonnets are now much longer; some nearly meet under the chin. The crown is ornamented *en marmotte*.

For dinner dresses, *Barege* silk is much worn; the gowns made of it, are trimmed with a mixture of gauze and riband; the gauze is laid on in a full *rouleau*, interspersed with knots of riband: there is only a single row of this trimming, and it is always placed above a broad *rouleau* of satin, of the same colour, as is also the dress: the gauze of the same colour as the gown, but the knots of riband form a strong contrast, consisting of *ponçeau* and citron, scarlet and green, olive and rose-colour, and various others.

One of the prettiest ball-dresses which we have seen for some time, is of white crape; the trimming consists of a *bouillonnée* of the same material, partially covered with wolves' teeth in white satin, edged with pink; there are two rows round the bottom of the dress, and a third row, which is called the *sultane*. The space in the middle is filled by knots of pale pink satin, each formed by a silver star in the centre of the knot. The *corsage* is cut very low, rather square across the bosom, and falling very much on the shoulders, and is formed in front into the shape of a demi-lozenge by *rouleaux* of satin.

Toques, turbans, and scarfs of gold or silver gauze, twisted in the hair are most admired for head-dresses.—Among the newest articles in jewellery, one of the the most remarkable is called the *épingle à la Victoire*, in the form of a hand, composed of gold, which holds two crowns of precious stones and pearls, interlaced with a garland of olives and laurel in gold or enamel.

The most elegant reticules are of blue, green, or cocoa-coloured velvet, in the form of a tulip.—The prevailing colours are *Trocadero*, (a mixture of fire-colour, and reddish yellow) *ponçeau*, rose, violet, emerald, and Spanish brown.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

POEM

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

.....

" Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign."

.....

FROM the dark portals of the North,
As Winter wildly rushes forth,
With frozen locks and clouded brow,
And round him wrapt his vest of snow,
Autumn averts her pallid face
From the rude stranger's withering gaze;
Her wreaths of corn and robes of gold,
Touched by his icy fingers cold,
Are falling fast on earth's chill bed,
In silent sadness seared, and dead.
No more the melody of love
Is sweetly warbled through the grove;
Save, at the closing hour of day,
When the lone redbreast's plaintive lay,
Steals on the pensive wanderer's ear,
Like requiems to the dying year.
Where now are all the flowers of spring,
That scented Zephyr's silken wing?
Where the bright garlands Flora's hand,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the land,
When forth she led her glitt'ring train,
And crown'd with bloom gay Summer's reign?
In earth's cold bosom buried deep,
The embryo buds securely sleep,
While Winter o'er their frozen beds,
His snowy mantle lightly spreads,

'Till field and forest, hill and dale,
Are cover'd with the dazzling veil
That sparkles on the bending spray,
Like diamonds in the beam of day,
And, melting, falls so bright and clear,
"It rivals all but beauty's tear."
Oh! long shall Hope her vigils keep,
And many a tempest o'er them sweep,
Ere they shall lift their fragrant heads,
Uninjured from those frozen beds,
And all their silken leaves unfold,
In shades of crimson, green, or gold!
Departing Winter's icy tear
Shall in the snowdrop's bud appear;
The violet, in her purple vest,
On mossy turfs shall humbly rest;
And beauty's blushing rose adorn,
With virgin sweets, yon shapeless thorn,
When dewy Spring, with magic power,
Returns to raise each faded flower.
Come then, ethereal stranger! come
From Eden's vale, thy native home,
Where Winter never ventures nigh,
To dim the brightness of thine eye;
Where to the rose, the nightingale
Repeats his fondest, sweetest tale,
'Till the high notes, so thrilling clear,
Shake from the leaves eve's dewy tear.
When gentle gales begin to blow,
And earth receives the melting snow,
Oft shall thy fond enthusiast stray,
Along sweet Aub'ries* shelter'd way,
Where thy light footsteps first are seen
Imprinted on the dewy green,
And listen with an anxious ear,
The cuckoo's welcome notes to hear;
Or watch the earliest swallows, spring
O'er the blue waves with buoyant wing;
Or search each wild sequester'd bower,
For thy own fragrant purple flower.

* The seat of Charles Greenwood, Esq.

Come then, ethereal stranger! come,
From Eden's vale, thy native home;
Hope's patient smile, Love's tender tear,
Joy's beaming eye, await thee here.
E'en Sorrow owns thy soothing power,
For oft at evening's silent hour,
When glimm'ring in the blue serene,
Her herald star is dimly seen,
Watching with pale and languid ray,
The ling'ring beams of parting day;
The heart-rent mourner loves to weep,
Where Beauty, Virtue, Genius sleep;
And as his tearful eyes survey
The grassy turf that wraps their clay,
With consecrated verdure gay,
Each flower that takes its tender birth,
And rises from that sacred earth,
A messenger of Peace appears,
To check Despair's repining tears;
As if the slumb'ring dead awoke,
And thus the grave's deep silence broke:
' On death's long wintry night shall rise
Eternal spring and cloudless skies,
Then Virtue, from thy mould'ring bed,
Shall lift with joy her languid head,
Divinely glorious, bright, and fair,
Clothed in the robes that angels wear.'

Sudbury, Suffolk.

F.

CHARADE.

DEAF to my whole's unceasing moan,
My sordid *first* his hoard retains,
Remorseless hears the feeble groan,
That from its wearied breast complains.

When death, beyond the shadeless tomb,
His dark unsocial soul shall move,
How fatal to its judgment doom,
My *last's* accusing sound will prove.

A. T.

A FRAGMENT

OF THE

BATTLE OF LORA, FROM OSSIAN, PARAPHRASED.

SON of the distant land! who lov'st to dwell
 Secluded in thy lone and secret cell,
 Do I hear thy grove with sounds rebounding?
 Or, thy tuneful voice of songs resonnding?
 Dost thou applaud the chieftains of thy land?
 Or the spir'ts of the wind?—that holy band!—
 But, thou lonely inhabitant of rocks,
 Part from thine aged brows thy silver locks,
 And view the green tombs on yon heathy plain,
 Cov'ring the dust of many thousands slain—
 Thou seest them, with their rank and whistling grass,
 Their moss-capt stones descriptive of their class:
 Thou see'st them, Son of the rock, but the sight
 Of Ossian hath failed him, and the light
 To him is turn'd into the gloom of night!—
 Swift roaring down, as from a mountain's side,
 The rapid waters round a green hill glide,
 On whose high top, 'midst grass for ever sear'd,
 Four white stones with their mossy heads are rear'd,—
 Two storm-bent trees their whistling branches spread,
 Over the ashes of the entomb'd dead,—
 This is thy dwelling, Erragon! and this
 The sequence of thy sublunary bliss!
 Within this narrow house now lies confin'd
 The humble dust that bore thy vaunting mind.—
 Sora's length'ning air no longer tells,
 The lingering music of thy warlike shells.
 Our ships, which from Erin, the opposing spray
 Had stem'd, majestic rode in Cona's bay.
 Loose from their tow'ring masts our white sheets hung:
 The boisterous winds through Morven's thicket rung.—
 Swift at the horn were rous'd the timid deer,
 Who flew in vain the warrior-huntsman's spear:
 Or surer arrow, forced from th' outstretch'd bow.
 By nervous arm, to strike the tender roe!

Great was the joy at mighty Swaran's fall,
 For which the deer were slain to gladden all.—
 Two valiant heroes were at our feast forgot,
 Who their fury in open clamour vented not;
 But in secret rolled their red and flaming eyes,
 Whilst from their breast burst forth indignant sighs.
 Roused to vengeance, their spears assailed the earth:
 They were two dark clouds in the midst of our mirth.
 Like pillars of mist on the settled sea,
 They glitter to the sun; but, their brilliancy,
 To the mariner is dismal augury.
 "Raise my white sails," enraged Maronan said—
 "Raise them! be their bosoms to the west winds spread."

J—z P—m.

POETICAL EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO LOUISA BY MR. LACEY, AND CONTAINING A SOLUTION OF HER
 LAST CHARADE.

YOUR challenge, dear miss, like yourself, is quite fair,
 And if I refus'd it, I must be a bear;
 Though, perhaps, both yourself, and a great many more,
 May deem my poetical trifling a bore;
 Be this as it may, your politeness is much,
 But indited with somewhat too flatt'ring a touch.
 To "the pleasure of pleasing" I guilty must plead,
 And when woman approves it, 'tis man's highest meed.
 And now to your riddle;—I surely have found it,
 Although much of genius there is hov'ring around it;
 As for *Fools*, they may laugh at charades and their writers,
 Yet very few fools can become their inditers;
 I often have heard some of those who're deem'd wise,
 When some lovely young maiden, with bright azure eyes,
 Has propos'd a conundrum, exclaim "horrid stuff,"
 When in fact for their wit 'twas a great deal too tough.
 But I am no Cynic;—'tis pleasure to see
 The delights of fond youth, and its "riddle me ree!"
 And I've guess'd till my head ach'd in every part,
 But the joy, circling round, gave a bliss to my heart.
 I love to crack nuts and conundrums together,
 When Winter has sent us his comfortless weather;
 And if this should be deem'd folly's cap, let me wear it—
 For it seems that Louisa objects not to share it.

But talking of caps, just allow me to say,
 That though you remark in a kind, playful way,
 You will set yours at me :—there is one small objection,
 Which is, that I've found of this life the perfection,—
 A good wife!—that complete *rara avis* of earth;
 Though I do not believe of good wives there's that dearth
 Which some would pretend ; for let man be but kind,
 And an answer'ing affection he surely will find :
 But still, fair Louisa, you plainly must see,
 Set your cap where you will,—it must not be at me.
 We may riddle as now, and respect one another,
 And answer our riddles, like sister and brother,
 Filling sheets of good *foolscap*, till volumes they make,
 When, if you publish first, why a copy I'll take;
 And should I,—for I've done so before now, 'tis true—
 I shall find a subscriber, Louisa, in you.
 Thus I wind up my rhymes, neither rich, rare, nor racy,
 As your humblest of servants, and friend,

J. M. LACEY.

As a postscript, allow me once more to propose,
 A charade, which Louisa will quickly expose:
 My *first* is gone by, and can never return,
 With the years of lost ages it now doth sojourn;
 My *second* the mouth may express,—the pen never—
 Yet you'll find it out, who at guessing are clever.
 My *whole* shuns the town for the pure sylvan glades,
 Where bright youth and innocence deck the fair maids;
 It once cut a figure in poetry too,
 But is quite out of date :—now pray answer me, Lou.

LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.

SAYS his landlord to Thomas, " your rent I must raise,
 I'm so plaguily pinch'd for the pelf;"
 " Raise my rent!" replies Thomas; " your honour's main good;
 " For I've trouble to raise it myself."

ON A SWINDLING MUSICIAN,

WHO

TOOK ENTRANCE MONEY FOR A CONCERT, AND RAN OFF WITH IT.

Tho' short his *tune*, his *touch* was neat,
Our gold he freely *fingered* ;
Quick both with *fingers* and with *feet*,
His *movements* have not linger'd.

Where lies the wonder of the case ?
A moment's thought detects it ;
His *practice* has been *thorough base*,
A *chord* will be his exit.

Yet while we blame his hasty flight,
Our censure may be rash ;
Has not a traveller the right
To change his *notes* for cash ?

CANZONET.

HARK! the birds in yonder grove
Breathe softly sweet a tale of love:—
Come, ye warbling feather'd train,
Tune your voices once again—
In joyful harmony, oh! raise
Your heav'nly notes to Celia's praise!
In a nosegay shall be set
The lily and the violet:
Then place upon her bosom fair
Hearts-ease, to banish ev'ry care.—
Come, ye pretty feather'd train,
Tune your voices once again ;
Whisper softly—"true I'll prove"
To Celia, whom I fondly love—
And while my beauteous maid reposes,
Strew her couch with fragrant roses.

11th Oct. 1825.

G. G—m.

Marriages.

At Eye, Herefordshire, Edmund Pollexfen Bastard, esq., M. P. for the County of Devon, to the Hon. Jane Rodney, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Lord Rodney. On this occasion, above eight hundred of Dowager Lady Rodney's tenantry were most hospitably entertained.

At Sunbury, Edward Dyer, esq., to Penelope Jane, only child of Colonel Boydel.

Deaths.

Suddenly, at Malta, the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Maitland, brother to the Earl of Lauderdale, Governor of Malta, and Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands.

At his house, in Great George-street, John Fane, esq., M. P. for the County of Oxford.

At the Stable-Yard, St. James's, the Right Hon. the Countess of Harrington, mother of the Duchess of Leinster.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received, since our last number, several Essays, as candidates for the prize, and cannot, in return, but express our satisfaction, both at their number, and at the ability and talent they manifest—which, if they render the task of selection to us more difficult, divest failure, on the part of our correspondents, of any disgrace. The Essay in our present number, is from the pen of a lady, who ranks high in the republic of letters; whose assistance, and that of two or three other ladies of talent, we have secured for our future numbers.

In deciding on the other Essays, the editor has marked some for future insertion; but he withholds a general specification of their merits, till the next number.

"Rose Harcourt" is not destitute of interest; but we much doubt, whether any thing short of its being re-written, would render it suitable for our pages.

We sincerely wish our correspondents, generally; would revise their communications, and transcribe them intelligibly, before they are forwarded to us; we should then be spared the pain of noting their imperfections, or mistaking their meaning.

F. will perceive he was not forgotten; perhaps he will address us, ere long, again.

We would not wantonly inflict pain on any one, but we cannot forbear advising James to study Mavor's spelling-book, before we hear from him again.

Our Brighton correspondent has, we fear, forgotten us and the Boarding House.

"The Authoress," we are concerned to say, has been mislaid: it was intended for our last number—perhaps the writer could favour us with another copy.

"Birth Days," are not intended for insertion.

"Susan de Seret" will be inserted. Should R. S. L. intend us any future communications, we pray him to take pity on our eyes, now becoming dim with age.

Several communications, received too late for particular notice, will meet early attention.

the
ster
l of

nel

the
r of

nty

ton,

for
neir
der
our
rom
sist-
red

are
the

her
our

neir
ded
, or

ere

bear
him

ding

was
with

ture
dim

meet



Painted by Micheli.

Engraved by T. W. H. R.

Signor Gioacchino Rossini.

Ed. Paris 1824 by Jean K. Maudou Presses de la Rue